The LIFE and ADVENTURES, OF BAMFYLDE-MOORE CAREW, commonly called The King of the Beggars:

BEING

An impartial Account of his LIFE, from his having been taken at the Age of Fifteen, entering into a Society of Gipsies, wherein the Motives of his Conduct are related and explained;

The great Number of Characters & Shapes he has appeared in through Great Britain, Ireland, and several other Places of Europe, with his Travels Twice through great part of America:

Giving a particular Account

Of the Origin, Government, Laws, & Customs of the Gipsies, with the Method of electing their King:

THE WHOLE

Digested into more regular Order than heretofore, & divided into Chapters under proper Heads:

To which is prefix'd a NEW PREFACE.

And at the End

Is added the Cant Dictionary used by the Mendicants.

LONDON:

Printed by Robert Baysam, No. 53, St. John's Street, West Smithfield, 1798.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE TO THIS EDITION.

VERY little need be obſerved by way of apology to a new edition of a book which has always been popular, and gone through numerous impreſſions both in town and country. The public have ſo favorably received thoſe memoirs; and they have been ſo often confuſedly and incorrectly printed, and moſtly upon ſuch execrable paper, as the very appearance of ſuch a book would deter any gentleman from giving it a place in his library.

Beſides theſe reaſons, the adventures of Mr Bamfylde Moore Carew are ſo marvellous and ſtriking, that they cannot fail of engaging in this age of reading, and few that read but wiſh to ſee an agreeable narrative in a decent dreſs in point of paper and print. This is what we have here attempted to execute in a tolerable degree, and our mendicant once more goes abroad at leaſt in clean rags.

With reſpect to the reducing the narrative of his life and tranſactions under general heads and chapters is preſumed to be an improvement, as likewiſe is thought, the leaving out all the compariſons between him and Tom Jones, for as he was a real character, and repreſents life as he found it in his time, it was naturally ſuppoſed nothing fictitious ought to attach itſelf to living manners, however the compariſon, for certain reaſons, might divert about fifty years ago.

For the same reason the old introductory apology usually prefixed to the old edition, has been intirely left out.

It has long been a dispute among the critics whether moral perfection of character should always be observed in a story of this sort, and it is difficult to decide on this matter when we find such an author as MILTON makes the Devil the hero of his *Paradise Lost*. However in our account of Mr. Carew nothing is found to countenance fraud, for innocent imposture is more the object of laughter than serious reprehension.

The morality of our hero is obvious in the various reflections he makes as he finds himself in different situations: his lessons are from the vast volume of nature, and though he passed but for a beggar, yet he often appears to have possessed every charm of the mind; and what is more worthy of praise, those better qualities of the heart, without which the others are but frivolous.

Those who seek only for intrigue or dramatic effect, may be here disappointed; here is nothing supernatural, for instead of fiction here is truth, and sincerity supplies the place which in many other adventures are varnished over with dissimulation.

5 DEC60

THE EDITOR.

ADVENTURES OF AMFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

CHAP. I.

irth of our hero—Sent to Tiverton School—Liberties taken by the ſcholars—Enters among the gypſies—Goes begging as a ſhipwrecked ſailor—A country farmer—Viſits Newfoundland—Returns to England and falls in love.

AMONG the great variety of characters, which a hiſtory of human nature would exhibit, there e ſome which deſerve attention, not for any emi-ence in virtue, on the one hand, or uncommon de-avity of mind, on the other, but for a certain ec-ntricity of conduct, which, with the ſame advan-ges in life, no other perſon, perhaps, would imitate. traits of ſuch men, with ſome general traits of eir character, are gratifying, not ſo much for any eful leſſons to be derived from their hiſtory and ad-ntures, as for their being objects of curioſity; juſt the philoſopher, who is fond of contemplating the auties of creation, can advert, ſometimes, to the lineation of any uncommon object, the ſportive oduction of nature, in occaſional deviations from r general laws. Yet not wholly without uſe are eſe human curioſities. When the reader contem-tes ſuch characters as that of Edward Wortley ontague and Bamfylde Moore Carew, who neglec-all the advantages of birth, and fortune, and edu-ion, to aſſociate with the loweſt of mankind, he

For the ſame reaſon the old introductory apology uſually prefixed to the old edition, has been intirely left out.

It has long been a diſpute among the critics whether moral perfection of character ſhould always be obſerved in a ſtory of this ſort, and it is difficult to decide on this matter when we find ſuch an author as MILTON makes the Devil the hero of his *Paradiſe Loſt*. However in our account of Mr. Carew nothing is found to countenance fraud, for innocent impoſture is more the object of laughter than ſerious reprehenſion.

The morality of our hero is obvious in the various reflections he makes as he finds himſelf in different ſituations: his leſſons are from the vaſt volume of nature, and though he paſſed but for a beggar, yet he often appears to have poſſeſſed every charm of the mind; and what is more worthy of praiſe, thoſe better qualities of the heart, without which the others are but frivolous.

Thoſe who ſeek only for intrigue or dramatic effect, may be here diſappointed; here is nothing ſupernatural, for inſtead of fiction here is truth, and ſincerity ſupplies the place which in many other adventures are varniſhed over with diſſimulation.

5 DEC 60

THE EDITOR.

ADVENTURES OF BAMFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

CHAP. I.

Birth of our hero—Sent to Tiverton School—Liberties taken by the ſcholars—Enters among the gypſies—Goes begging as a ſhipwrecked ſailor—A country farmer—Viſits Newfoundland—Returns to England and falls in love.

AMONG the great variety of characters, which a hiſtory of human nature would exhibit, there are ſome which deſerve attention, not for any eminence in virtue, on the one hand, or uncommon depravity of mind, on the other, but for a certain eccentricity of conduct, which, with the ſame advantages in life, no other perſon, perhaps, would imitate. Portraits of ſuch men, with ſome general traits of their character, are gratifying, not ſo much for any uſeful leſſons to be derived from their hiſtory and adventures, as for their being objects of curioſity; juſt as the philoſopher, who is fond of contemplating the beauties of creation, can advert, ſometimes, to the delineation of any uncommon object, the ſportive production of nature, in occaſional deviations from her general laws. Yet not wholly without uſe are theſe human curioſities. When the reader contemplates ſuch characters as that of Edward Wortley Montague and Bamfylde Moore Carew, who neglected all the advantages of birth, and fortune, and education, to aſſociate with the loweſt of mankind, he

will perceive instances of a voluntary self-degradation, that must excite the most mortifying reflections on the inconsistency, and even occasional irrationality of the human character; and he may be led to this awful truth, that as the only way to rise in moral excellence, and, in course, to happiness throughout the whole of our being, is to cultivate our talents and advantages, and to form our minds to habits of virtue, in this stage of our existence; so nothing can be more humiliating, than the sight of a man of family, who, by long association with the low, ignorant, and unprincipled, loses sight of the moral principle, unfits himself for the ennobling duties of his station, and expires, at last, without having once experienced the honourable distinctions, and soothing consolations, which so happily result from the consciousness of a well-spent life.

Bamfy de Moore Carew, one of the most extraordinary and eccentric characters on record, was descended from an ancient and honourable family in the west of England. He was born in the year 1693, at Bickley, near Tiverton, in Devonshire; of which place his father the reverend Theodore Carew, was many years rector. There never was known a more splendid appearance of persons of the first distinction at any baptism in the county than were present at his: Hugh Bamfylde, esq. and major Moore, of families equally ancient and respectable as that of Carew, were his godfathers; and from them he received his two Christian names.

The reverend Mr. Carew, who was universally esteemed in the county, had several other children besides Bamfylde Moore; all of whom he educated in a tender and pious manner. At the age of twelve his son, the subject of this sketch, was sent to Tiverton school, where he contracted an intimate acquaintance with young gentlemen of the first families in Devonshire, and the adjacent counties.

During the first four years of his residence at Tiverton school, his close application and delight in his studies gave his friends great hopes that he might one day appear with distinction in that honourable profession, which his father became so well, and for which he himself was designed. He actually made a very considerable progress in the Latin and Greek languages.

The Tiverton scholars had at this time the command of a fine cry of hounds, whereby Mr. Carew had frequent opportunity of gratifying his inclinations in that diversion. It was then that he entered into a very strict friendship and familiarity with John Martin, Thomas Coleman, John Escott, and other young gentlemen of the best rank and fortune.

Gen'rous friendship's much the boast,
Of many crafty elves,
But this was ever Carew's toast,
That each might help themselves.

It happened that a farmer, living in the country adjacent to Tiverton, who was a very great sportsman, and used to hunt with the Tiverton scholars, came and acquainted them of a fine deer which he had seen with a collar about its neck, in the fields about his farm, which he supposed to be the favourite deer of some gentlemen not far off; this was very agreeable news to the Tiverton scholars, who went in a great body to hunt it: this happened a short time before the harvest; the chace was very hot, and lasted several hours, and they ran the deer many miles, which did a great deal of damage to the fields of corn, which were then almost ripe. Upon the death of the deer, and examination of the collar, it was found to belong to Col. Nucombe, of the parish of Clayhanger. Those farmers and gentlemen that sustained the great-

eil damages, came to Tiverton, and complained very heavily to Mr. Rayner, the ſchoolmaſter, of the havock made in their fields, which occaſioned ſtrict enquiry to be made concerning the ringleaders, who proving to be our hero and his companions, they were ſo ſeverely threatened, that, for fear, they abſented themſelves from ſchool; and the next day, happening to go in the evening to Brick Houſe, an ale-houſe about half a mile from Tiverton, they accidentally fell into company with a ſociety of gipſies, who were there feaſting and merry making. This ſociety conſiſted of ſeventeen or eighteen perſons of both ſexes, who that day met there with a full purpoſe of merriment and jollity; and after a plentiful meal upon fowls, ducks, and other dainty diſhes, cups of October, cyder, &c. went moſt chearfully round, and merry ſongs and country dances crowned the jovial banquet. In ſhort, ſo great an air of freedom, mirth, and pleaſure, appeared in the faces and geſtures of this ſociety, that our youngſters from that time conceived a ſudden inclination to inliſt into their company; which when they communicated to the gipſies, they regarded as only ſpoken in jeſt; but as they tarried there all night in their company, and continued in the ſame reſolution the next morning, they were at length induced to believe them to be ſerious, and accordingly encouraged them, and admitted them into their number; the requiſite ceremonials being firſt gone through, and the proper oaths adminiſtered.

There are, perhaps, no people ſo completely happy as they are, or enjoy ſo great a ſhare of liberty. Their king is elective by the whole people, but none, but ſuch who have been long in their ſociety, and perfectly ſtudied the nature and inſtitution of it: they muſt likewiſe have given repeated proofs of their perſonal wiſom, courage, and capacity: this is the

better

better known as they always keep a public record or regiſter of all remarkable (either good or bad) actions performed by any of the ſociety; and they can have no temptation to make choice of any but the moſt worthy, as their king has no titles or lucrative employments to beſtow, which might influence or corrupt their judgment.

The laws of theſe people are few and ſimple, but moſt exactly and punctually obſerved; the fundamental of which is, that ſtrong love and mutual regard for each member in particular, and for the whole community in general, which is inculcated into them from their earlieſt infancy: ſo that this whole community is connected by ſtronger bands of love and harmony, than oftentimes ſubſiſt even in private families under other governments, this naturally prevents all oppreſſion, fraud, and over reaching of one another, ſo common amongſt other people, and totally extinguiſhes that bitter paſſion of mind (the ſource, perhaps, of moſt other vices) envy; for it is a great and certain truth, that "Love worketh no evil."

The people we are ſpeaking of are happily ignorant of the enjoyment of money, for they know no other uſe for it, except that of promoting mirth and good humour; for which end they generouſly bring their gains into a common ſtock, whereby they whoſe gains are ſmall, have an equal ſhare of enjoyment with thoſe whoſe profits are larger, excepting only that a mark of ignominy is affixed on thoſe who do not contribute to the common ſtock proportionably to their abilities, and the opportunities they have of gain; and this is the ſource of their uninterrupted happineſs; they have no ſettled habitations, but (like the Scythians of old) remove from place to place as often as their conveniency or pleaſure requires it, which renders their life a perpetual ſcene of the greateſt variety.

By what we have ſaid above, of the happineſs of theſe people, we may account for what has been matter of much ſurpriſe to the friends of our hero, viz. his ſtrong attachment, for the ſpace of above forty years, to this community, and his refuſing the large offers that have been made him to quit their ſociety. —But to return to our hiſtory.

Thus was Mr. Carew initiated into the myſteries of a ſociety, which for antiquity gives place to none, as is evident from the name, one of the moſt ancient and learned people in the world; and that they were perſons of more than common learning, who travelled to communicate their knowledge to mankind. Whether Homer himſelf might not have been of this ſociety, will admit of a doubt, as there is much uncertainty about his birth and education, though nothing more certain than that he travelled from place to place. Mr. Carew did not continue long in it before he was conſulted in important matters; particularly Madam Muſgrove, of Monkton, near Taunton, hearing of his fame, ſent for him to conſult in an affair of difficulty; when he was come, ſhe informed him that ſhe ſuſpected a large quantity of money was buried ſomewhere about her houſe, and if he would acquaint her with the particular place, ſhe would handſomely reward him.

Our hero conſulted the ſecrets of his art upon the occaſion, and informed the lady, that under a laurel-tree in the garden lay the treaſure ſhe ſought for, but that her planet of good fortune did not reign till ſuch a day and hour, till which time ſhe ſhould deſiſt from ſearching for it; the good lady rewarded him very generouſly with twenty guineas for his diſcovery, we cannot tell whether at this time our hero was ſufficiently initiated in the art, or whether the lady miſlook her lucky hour, but the regard we pay to truth obliges us to confeſs, that the lady dug below

the

the roots of the tree without finding the hidden treasure.

When he was further initiated in the art, he was consulted upon several important matters, and generally gave great satisfaction by his sagacious answers. In the mean time his worthy parents sorrowed for him as one that was no more, not being able to get the least tidings of him, though they publicly advertised him, till at the expiration of a year and a half, our hero having repeated accounts of the great sorrow and trouble his parents were in upon his account, he repaired to his father's house in Bickley in Devonshire. As he was greatly disguised both in habit and countenance, he was not at first known by them, but when he discovered himself, joy gushed out in full streams, stopping the power of speech. The whole neighbourhood, particularly the two parishes of Cadly and Bickley, partook of this joy: and there was nothing for some time but ringing of bells, with public feastings, and other marks of festive joy.

For some time the unsatisfied longings after the community of gipsies preyed upon his mind, his heart being too good to think of leaving his fond parents again, without reluctance; long did filial piety and his inclinations struggle for the victory; at length the last prevailed, but not till his health had visibly suffered by these inward commotions. One day, therefore, without taking leave of any of his friends, he directed his steps towards Brick-House, at Tiverton, where he had first entered into the community of gipsies; and finding some of them there, he joined their company, to the great satisfaction of them, as well as of himself, they rejoicing greatly at having regained one who was likely to be so useful a member to their community.

Our hero being again admitted, at the first general assembly of the gipsies, and having taken the proper oaths,

oaths of allegiance to the sovereign, was soon after sent out by him on a cruize upon their enemies. Our hero's wit was now set at work, by what stratagems he might best succeed; the first that occurred to his thoughts, was the equipping of himself with an old pair of trowsers, enough of a jacket to cover his nakedness, stockings such as nature gave, shoes, (or rather the tops of shoes, for soles they had none) which had leaks enough to sink a first rate man of war, and a woolen cap so black, that one might more safely swear, it had not been washed since Noah's flood, than many electors can, that they receive no bribes. Being thus attired, he changed his manners with his dress; and forgot entirely his family, education, and politeness, and became now nothing more nor less than an unfortunate shipwrecked seaman

Our hero so fully put on the character of a shipwrecked seaman, that in his first excursion he gained a very considerable booty, having likewise ingeniously imitated the passes and certificates that were necessary for him to travel unmolested. After about a month's travel, he accidentally, at Kingsbridge, in Devonshire, met with Coleman, his school-fellow, one of those who had entered with him into the community as before related, but had, after a year and a half's abode with them, left them, and returned to his friends; but not finding that satisfaction amongst them, as with the gipsies, had again joined that people; great was the joy therefore of these two friends at their meeting, and they soon agreed to travel together for some time, and accordingly proceeded to Totness, and from thence to the city of Exeter: entering that city they raised a contribution there in one day, amounting to several pounds.

Having obtained all he could desire from this stratagem, his faithful invention soon hinted another. He now became the plain honest country-farmer, who

who, living in the isle of Sheppey, in Kent, had the misfortune to have his grounds overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. His habit was now neat, but rustic; his air and behaviour simple and inoffensive; his speech in the Kentish dialect; his countenance dejected; his tale pitiful; a wife and seven tender helpless infants being partakers of his misfortunes; in short, never did that excellent actor, Mr. Garrick, personate any character more just; nor did he ever raise stronger emotions of pity in the character of the unfortunate good King Lear, than our hero did under this; so that, if his former stratagem answered his wishes, this still did more so, he now getting seldom less than a guinea a day.

Having raised a very considerable booty by these two stratagems, he made the best of his way towards Stratton in Devonshire, where was soon to be held a general assembly of the gipsies: here he was received with great applause on account of the successful stratagems he had executed, and he had an honourable mark of distinction bestowed upon him, in being seated near the king.

Mr. Carew's invention being never at a loss, he now formed a new stratagem, to execute which, he exchanged his habit, shirt and all, for only an old blanket; shoes and stockings he laid aside, because they did not suit his present purpose. Being thus accoutred, or rather unaccoutred, he was now no more than Mad Tom, whom the foul fiend has led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire, that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew, fat ratsbane by his porridge, made him proud at heart to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inched bridges, to curse his own shadow for a traitor; who eats

Mice and rats, and such small geer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

In

In this character and with ſuch like expreſſions, our hero entered the houſe both of great and ſmall, claiming kindred to them, and committing all manner of frantic actions, ſuch as beating himſelf, offering to eat coals of fire, running againſt the wall, and tearing to pieces whatever garment was given to him to cover his nakedneſs; by which means he raiſed very conſiderable contributions.

But theſe different habits and characters were ſtill of further uſe to our hero, for by their means he had a fairer opportunity of ſeeing the world, and knowing mankind, than moſt of our youths who make the grand tour: for as he had none of thoſe pretty amuſements and raree-ſhows, which ſo much divert our young gentlemen abroad, to engage his attention, it was wholly applied to the ſtudy of mankind, their various paſſions and inclinations; and he made the greater improvement in his ſtudy, as in many of his characters they acted before him without reſerve or diſguiſe.

All theſe obſervations afforded him no little pleaſure, but he felt a much greater in the indulgence of the emotions of filial piety, paying his parents frequent viſits, unknown to them, in different diſguiſes: at which time the tenderneſs he ſaw them expreſs for him in their enquiries after him (it being their conſtant cuſtom ſo to do of all travellers) always melted him with real tears.

He now reſolved to ſee other countries and manners. He was the more inclined to this, as he imagined it would enable him to be of greater ſervice to the community of which he was a member, by rendering him capable of executing ſome of his ſtratagems with much greater ſucceſs. He communicated this deſign to his ſchool-fellow Eſcott, one of thoſe who commenced a gipſy with him, (for neither of the four wholly quitted that community.) Eſcott very readily

readily agreed to accompany him in his travels, and there being a ship ready to sail for Newfoundland, lying at Dartmouth, where they then went, they agreed to embark on board her, being called the Mainsail, commanded by captain Holesworth. Nothing remarkable happened in their passage which relates to our hero; we shall therefore pass by it, and land him safe in Newfoundland.

Our hero did not here spend his time useless, or even without entertainment in this uncomfortable country, for an inquisitive and active mind will find more use and entertainment amongst barren rocks and mountains, than the indolent person can amongst all the magnificence and beauty of Versailes, he therefore visited the great cod fishery which is carried on about the great and other banks near the coast; for which purpose, during his stay there, he saw several hundred ships come in from different parts, both of America and Europe, so that he had an opportunity of gaining some knowledge of a considerable part of the world by his inquiries, he missing no opportunity of conversing with the sailors of different countries: he was told several of these ships carried away thirty or thirty-five thousand fish a piece; and though this yearly consumption has been made for near three centuries past, yet the same plenty of fish continues without any diminution.

The fishing season being over, and our hero having made all the observations that he thought might be useful to him, returned again to Dartmouth, from whence he had first sailed, bringing with him a surprising fierce and large dog, which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle as a lamb by an art which was peculiar to himself. Our hero was received with great joy by his fellow gipsies, and they were loud in his praises, when they understood he had undertaken this voyage to enable him to deceive his

In this character and with ſuch like expreſſions, our hero entered the houſe both of great and ſmall, claiming kindred to them, and committing all manner of frantic actions, ſuch as beating himſelf, offering to eat coals of fire, running againſt the wall, and tearing to pieces whatever garment was given to him to cover his nakedneſs; by which means he raiſed very conſiderable contributions.

But theſe different habits and characters were ſtill of further uſe to our hero, for by their means he had a fairer opportunity of ſeeing the world, and knowing mankind, than moſt of our youths who make the grand tour: for as he had none of thoſe pretty amuſements and raree-ſhows, which ſo much divert our young gentlemen abroad, to engage his attention, it was wholly applied to the ſtudy of mankind, their various paſſions and inclinations; and he made the greater improvement in his ſtudy, as in many of his characters they acted before him without reſerve or diſguiſe.

All theſe obſervations afforded him no little pleaſure, but he felt a much greater in the indulgence of the emotions of filial piety, paying his parents frequent viſits, unknown to them, in different diſguiſes: at which time the tenderneſs he ſaw them expreſs for him in their enquiries after him (it being their conſtant cuſtom ſo to do of all travellers) always melted him with real tears.

He now reſolved to ſee other countries and manners. He was the more inclined to this, as he imagined it would enable him to be of greater ſervice to the community of which he was a member, by rendering him capable of executing ſome of his ſtratagems with much greater ſucceſs. He communicated this deſign to his ſchool-fellow Eſcott, one of thoſe who commenced a gipſy with him, (for neither of the four wholly quitted that community.) Eſcott very readily

readily agreed to accompany him in his travels, and there being a ſhip ready to ſail for Newfoundland, lying at Dartmouth, where they then went, they agreed to embark on board her, being called the Mainſail, commanded by captain Holeſworth. Nothing remarkable happened in their paſſage which relates to our hero; we ſhall therefore paſs by it, and land him ſafe in Newfoundland.

Our hero did not here ſpend his time uſeleſs, or even without entertainment in this uncomfortable country, for an inquiſitive and active mind will find more uſe and entertainment amongſt barren rocks and mountains, than the indolent perſon can amongſt all the magnificence and beauty of Verſailes, he therefore viſited the great cod fiſhery which is carried on about the great and other banks near the coaſt; for which purpoſe, during his ſtay there, he ſaw ſeveral hundred ſhips come in from different parts, both of America and Europe, ſo that he had an opportunity of gaining ſome knowledge of a conſiderable part of the world by his inquiries, he miſſing no opportunity of converſing with the ſailors of different countries: he was told ſeveral of theſe ſhips carried away thirty or thirty-five thouſand fiſh a piece; and though this yearly c nſumption has been made for near three centuries paſt, yet the ſame plenty of fiſh continues without any diminution.

The fiſhing ſeaſon being over, and our hero having made all the obſervations that he thought might be uſeful to him, returned again to Dartmouth, from whence he had firſt ſailed, bringing with him a ſurpriſing fierce and large dog, which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle as a lamb by an art which was peculiar to himſelf. Our hero was received with great joy by his fellow gipſies, and they were loud in his praiſes, when they underſtood he had undertaken this voyage to enable him to deceive his

enemies with the greater ſucceſs. He accordingly, in a few days, went out on a cruiſe in the character of a ſhipwrecked ſeaman, loſt in a veſſel homeward bound from Newfoundland, ſometimes belonging to Pool, ſometimes to Dartmouth, at other times to other ports, under ſuch or ſuch commander, according as the newſpapers gave account of ſuch melancholy accidents.

If the booty he got before under this character was conſiderable, it was much more ſo now, for being able to give an exact account of Newfoundland, the ſettlements, harbours, fiſhery, and inhabitants thereof, he applied with great confidence to maſters of veſſels, and gentlemen well acquainted with thoſe parts; ſo that thoſe whom before his prudence would not permit him to apply to, now became his greateſt benefactors, as the perfect account he gave of the country engaged them to give credit to all he aſſerted, and made them very liberal in his favour.

It was about this time that our hero became ſenſible of the power of love; we mean of that ſort which has more of the mind than the body, and is tender, delicate, and conſtant, the object of which remains conſtantly fixed in the mind, like the arrow in the wounded deer, and that will not admit of any partner with it. It was in the town of Newcaſtle, ſo famous for its coal-works which our hero viſited out of curioſity, appearing there undiſguiſed, and making a very genteel appearance (that he became enamoured with the daughter of Mr. Gray, an eminent apothecary and ſurgeon there.

CHAP.

CHAP. 2.

Our hero marries Miſs Grey, an apothecary's daughter —Goes to Dartmouth, Bath, Briſtol—Viſits his uncle, but refuſes to abide with him—Begs in the character of a poor clergyman—Paſſes into Devonſhire and ſucceeds with the Quakers—Turns ratcatcher—Puts a bold impoſition upon the Duke of Bolton.

WE ſhall content ourſelves with ſaying this young lady had charms ſufficient to captivate the heart of any man, not unſuſceptible of love, and they made ſo deep an impreſſion upon out hero, that they wholly effaced every object, which before had created any deſire in him, and never permitted any other to raiſe them afterwards: ſo wonderful to tell! we have, after about thirty years enjoyment, ſeen him lament her occaſional abſence almoſt with tears, and talk of her with all the fondneſs of one who had been in love but three days. Our hero tried all love's ſoft perſuaſions with his fair one in an honourable way, and as his perſon was very engaging, and his appearance genteel, he did not find her greatly averſe to his propoſals. As he was aware that his being of the community of gipſies might prejudice her againſt him without examination, he paſſed with her for the mate of a collier's veſſel, in which he was ſupported by captain Littleton of Dartmouth, an old acquaintance of our hero's, who then commanded a veſſel lying at Newcaſtle, and acknowledged him for his mate. Theſe aſſertions ſatisfied the young lady very well, and ſhe at length conſented to exchange the tender care and love of a parent for that of a huſband.

The lover and his fair one being on board, they ſoon hoiſted ſail, and the winds being willing to favour theſe two happy lovers, they had an exceeding quick paſſage to Dartmouth, where they

landed. Our hero being now no longer able to conceal his being a member of the community of the gipſies, after ſome previous introduction, declared it to the young lady, who was not a little ſurpriſed and troubled at it; but he ſoon compoſed her mind, by ſuggeſting to her the worthy family he was ſpruug from; that the community of the gipſies was more happy and leſs diſreputable than ſhe imagined, that the perſon of her lover was quite amiable, and that he had good nature and love enough to make her happy in any condition.

As theſe ſuggeſtions entirely ſatisfied her, the lovers in a few days ſet out for Bath, where they ſolemnized their nuptials with great gaiety and ſplendor, and where they were the occaſion of much ſpeculation, and many falſe ſurmiſes.

We cannot conclude on this head, but with the deſerved praiſes of our hero, from whoſe mouth we have had repeated aſſurance, that during their voyage to Dartmouth, and their journey from thence to Bath, not the leaſt indignity was offered to the innocence or modeſty of his dear Miſs Gray

Our lovers having left Bath, viſited next the city of Briſtol, where they ſtayed ſome time, and cauſed more ſpeculation there, than they had before done at Bath, and did as much damage to that city, as the famous Lucullus did to Rome on his return from his victorious expeditions; for we have great reaſon to think they firſt introduced the love of dreſs and gaiety amongſt thoſe plain and frugal citizens. After ſome ſtay here, they made a tour through Somerſet and Dorſet in Hampſhire, where they paid a viſit to an uncle of our hero's, living then at Dorcheſter, near Goſport, who was a clergyman of diſtinguiſhed merit and character, here they were received with great politeneſs and hoſpitality, and abode a conſiderable time. His uncle took this opportunity of making

uſe

uſe of every argument to perſuade him to quit the community of the gipſies, but our hero was ſo thoroughly fixed in his principles, that even that argument which oftentimes convinces patriots in a few hours that all they ſaid and did before was wrong; though his uncle made him very lucrative offers for the preſent, and future promiſes of making him heir to all his poſſeſſions, yet remembering his engagements with the gipſies, he rejected them all: and reflecting now that he had long lived uſeleſs to that community, he began to prepare for his departure from his uncle's, in order to make ſome excurſions on the enemy; and to do this with the more effect, he bethought himſelf of a new ſtratagem: he therefore equipt himſelf in a long looſe black gown, put on a band, a large white wig, and a broad brimmed hat; his whole deportment was agreeable to his dreſs, his pace was ſolemn and ſlow, his countenance thoughtful and grave, his eyes turned on the ground, but now and then raiſed in ſeeming ejaculations to Heaven; in every look and action he betrayed his want, but at the ſame time ſeemed overwhelmed with that ſhame which modeſt merit feels, when it is obliged to ſolicit the cold hand of charity, this behaviour excited the curioſity of many gentlemen, clergy, &c. to enquire into the circumſtances of his misfortunes, but it was with difficulty they could engage him to relate them, it being with much ſeeming reluctance that he acquainted them with his having exerciſed for many years the ſacred office of a clergyman at Abberruſhtuth, a pariſh in Wales, but that the government changing, he had preferred quitting his benefice, though he had a wife and ſeveral children, to taking an oath contrary to his principles and conſcience. This relation he accompanied with frequent ſighs, deep marks of adoration of the ways of Providence, and warm expreſ-

ſions of his firm truſt and reliance in its goodneſs and faithfulneſs, with high encomiums on the inward ſatisfaction of a good conſcience. When he diſcourſed with any clergyman, or perſon of literature, he would now and then introduce ſome Latin or Greek ſentences, that were applicable to what he was talking of, which gave his hearers an high opinion of his learning: all this and his thorough knowledge of the perſons whom it was proper to apply to, made this ſtratagem ſucceed even beyond his own expectations. But now hearing of a veſſel bound to Philadelphia, on board of which were many Quakers, being caſt away on the coaſt of Ireland, he laid aſide his gown, caſſock, and band, cloaths himſelf in a plain ſuit, pulls the button from his hat, and flaps it on every ſide: his countenance was now demure, his language unadorned with any flowers of ſpeech, and the words You and Sir he ſeemed to hold in abomination; his hat was moved to none, for though under misfortunes he would not think of bowing the knee to Baal.

With theſe qualifications he addreſſed himſelf to perſons of the denominations of Quakers with great ſucceſs; (for indeed it were to be wiſhed that all other ſects would imitate them in their readineſs to relieve their brethren) and hearing that there was to be a great meeting of them from all parts, at a place called Thorncombe, in Devonſhire, he makes the beſt of his way there, and with a demure look, and modeſt aſſurance, enters into the aſſembly, where making his caſe known, and ſatisfying them by his behaviour, of his being one of their ſect, they made a very conſiderable contribution for his relief.

So active was the mind of our hero, that he was never more happy than when engaged in ſome adventure or other; therefore, when he had no opportunity

tunity of putting any great ſtratagem into execution, he would amuſe himſelf with thoſe which did not require ſo great a ſhare of art and ingenuity; whenever he heard of any melancholy accident by fire, he immediately repaired to the place where it happened, and there remarking very accurately the ſpot, enquiring into the cauſe of it, and getting an exact information of the trades, characters, families, and circumſtances of the unhappy ſufferers, he immediately aſſumed the perſon and name of one of them, and burning ſome part of his coat and hat, as an ocular demonſtration of his narrow eſcape, he made the beſt of his way to places at ſome diſtance, and there paſſed for one who had been burnt out; and to give the greater credit, ſhewed a paper ſigned with the names of ſeveral gentlemen of the neighbourhood of the place where the fire happened, recommending him as an honeſt unhappy ſufferer, by which he got conſiderable gains. Under this character he had the boldneſs to addreſs Juſtice Hull of Exmouth in Devon, the terror and profeſſed enemy of every order of the gipſies; however our hero ſo artfully managed, that he at laſt convinced his worſhip that he was an honeſt miller, whoſe houſe, mill, and whole ſubſtance had been conſumed by fire, occaſioned by the negligence of an apprentice boy, and was accordingly relieved as ſuch by the Juſtice. Coming next day to 'ſquire Portman's, at Brinſon, near Blandford, in the character of a rat-catcher, with a hairy cap upon his head, a buff girdle about his waiſt, and a tame rat in a box by his ſide, he boldly marched up to the houſe in this diſguiſe, though his perſon was well known by the family, and meeting in the court with Mr. Portman, the Rev. Mr. Bryant, and ſeveral other gentlemen, whom he well knew, but did not ſuſpect he ſhould be known by them, he accoſted them as a rat-catcher, aſking if their honours had

any

any rats to kill? Do you underſtand your buſineſs well? replies Mr. Portman. Yes, and pleaſe your honour, I have followed it many years, and have been employed in his Majeſty's yards and ſhips. Well, go in and get ſomething to eat, and after dinner we will try your abilities.

Our hero was accordingly placed at the ſecond table to dinner, and very handſomely entertained; after which he was called into a great parlour, among a large company of gentlemen and ladies. Well, honeſt rat-catcher, ſays Mr. Portman, can you lay any ſchemes to kill the rats without hurting my dogs? Yes, replied Mr. Carew, I ſhall lay it where even the cats can't climb to reach it. And what countryman are you? A Devonſhire man, pleaſe your honour. What's your name? Our hero now perceiving by ſome ſmiles and whiſpering of the gentlemen, that he was known, replied very compoſedly, B,a,m,p,-f,y,l,d,e,-M,o,o,r,e, C,a,r,e,w. This occaſioned a good deal of mirth: when he was told parſon Bryant was the man who had diſcovered him, none of the other gentlemen knowing him under this diſguiſe; upon which turning to the parſon, he aſked him, if he had forgot King Charles's rules? Mr. Pleydell, of St. Andrews, Milbourn, expreſſed a pleaſure at ſeeing the famous Mr. Bampfylde Moore Carew, ſaying, he had never ſeen him before. Yes, but you have, replies he, and given me a ſuit of clothes: Mr. Pleydell teſtified ſome ſurpriſe at this, and deſired to know when it was. Mr. Carew aſked him, if he did not remember a poor wretch met him one day at his ſtable door, with an old ſtocking round his head inſtead of a cap, and an old woman's ragged cloak on his ſhoulders, no ſhirt on his back, nor ſtockings to his legs, and ſcarce any ſhoes to his feet; and that he aſked him if he was mad? to which he replied, No; but a poor unfortunate man, caſt away on the coaſt, and

and taken up, with eight others by a Frenchman, the reſt of the crew, ſixteen in number being all drowned; and that Mr. Pleydell having aſked what countryman he was, gave him a guinea and a ſuit of cloths. Mr. Pleydell ſaid, he well remembered ſuch a poor object. Well, replied our hero, that object was no other than the rat-catcher now before you: at which all the company laughed very heartily. Well, ſays Mr. Pleydell, I will lay a guinea I ſhall know you again, come in what ſhape you will: the ſame ſaid Mr. Seymour of Handford. Some of the company aſſerting to the contrary of this, they deſired our hero to try his ingenuity upon them, and then diſcover himſelf, to convince them of it.

This being agreed upon, and having received a handſome bounty from the company, he took his leave; but parſon Bryant followed him out, and acquainted him that the ſame company, and many more, would be at Mr. Pleydell's on ſuch a day, and adviſed him to take that opportunity to deceive them all together; which our hero ſoon reſolved to do; he therefore revolved in his mind what ſtratagem was moſt likely to ſucceed; at length he fixed upon one, which he thought could not fail of anſwering his purpoſe.

When the day was come, the barber was called in to make his face as ſmooth as his art could do, and a woman's gown and other female accoutrements of the largeſt ſize were provided for him: having put on his petticoats, pinned a large ſhawl under his chin, and put a high-crowned hat on his head, he made a figure ſo comical, that even Hogarth's humour could ſcarcely parallel: yet our hero bethought himſelf of ſomething elſe, to render his diſguiſe the more impenetrable; he therefore borrowed a little hump-back'd child of a tinker, and two more of ſome others of his community. There remained now only in

what ſituation to place the children, and it was quickly reſolved to tie two to his back, and to take the other in his arms.

Thus accoutred, and thus hung with helpleſs infants, he marched forwards for Mr. Pleydell's, coming up to the door, he puts his hand behind him, and pinches one of the children, which ſet it a roaring, this gave the alarm to the dogs, ſo that between their barking, and the child's crying, the whole family was ſufficiently diſturbed: out comes the maid, crying, Carry away the children, old woman, they diſturb the ladies. God bleſs their ladyſhips, I am the poor unfortunate grandmother, of theſe poor helpleſs infants, whoſe dear mother and all they had was burnt at the dreadful fire at Kirton, and hope the good ladies; for God's ſake, will beſtow ſomething on the poor famiſhing, ſtarving infants: this moving ſtory was accompanied with tears: upon which, in goes the maid to acquaint the ladies of this melancholy tale, while the good grandmother kept pinching one or other of the children, that they might play their parts to greater perfection: the maid ſoon returned with half-a-crown from the ladies, and ſome good broth, with which he went into the court yard to eat. He had not long been there, before all the gentlemen came in together, who accoſted him with, Where did you come from old woman? From Kirton, pleaſe your honours, where the poor unhappy mother of theſe helpleſs babes was burnt to death by the flames, and all they had conſumed. Damn you, ſaid one of the gentlemen, there has been more money collected for Kirton, than ever Kirton was worth; however he gave this good old grandmother a ſhilling, the other gentlemen likewiſe relieved her commiſerating her age, and her burthen of ſo many helpleſs infants, not one of them diſcovering our hero in the old woman, who received their alms very thankfully,

thankfully, and pretending to go away; but the gentlemen were not got into the houſe, before their ears were ſaluted with a tantivee, and a halloo to the dogs, upon which they turned about, ſuppoſing it to be ſome brother ſportſman, but ſeeing nobody, one ſwore the old woman they had relieved was Carew; a ſervant therefore was diſpatched to bring her back, and ſhe was brought back into the parlour, among the gentlemen, where being examined, he confeſſed himſelf the famous Bamfylde-Moore Carew, which made the gentlemen very merry, and they were now all employed in obſerving the features and dreſs of this grandmother, which afforded them ſufficient entertainment; they afterwards rewarded our hero for the mirth he had procured them.

In the ſame manner he raiſed a contribution of Mr. Jones of Aſhton, near Briſtol, twice in one day, who had maintained with a gentleman of his acquaintance, that he could not be ſo deceived. In the morning, with a ſooty face, leather apron, a dejected countenance, and a woolen cap, he was generouſly relieved as an unfortunate blackſmith, whoſe all had been conſumed by fire: in the afternoon he exchanged his legs for crutches, his countenance was now pale and ſickly, his geſtures very expreſſive of pain, his complaints lamentable, a poor unfortunate tinner diſabled from maintaining himſelf, a wife, and ſeven children, by the damps and hardſhips he had ſuffered in the mines, and ſo well did he paint his diſtreſs, that the diſabled tinner was now as generouſly relieved as the unfortunate blackſmith had been in the morning.

It is almoſt unneceſſary to inform the reader, that theſe ſucceſsful ſtratagems gained him high applauſe in the company of the gipſies, he ſoon became the favourite of their king, (who was now very old and decrepid) and had always ſome honourable mark of diſtinction aſſigned him at their public aſſemblies.

Theſe

The honours and applauſe were ſo many freſh ſpurs to his ingenuity and induſtry; ſo certain it is, that wherever thoſe qualities are honoured and publicly rewarded, though but by an oaken garland, there induſtry will out-work itſelf, and ingenuity will exceed the common bounds of art. Our hero, therefore, was continually planning new ſtratagems, and ſoon executed a very bold one on his grace the Duke of Bolton; coming to his ſeat near Baſingſtoke in Hampſhire, he dreſſed himſelf in a ſailor's ragged habit, and knocking at the gate, deſired of the porter, with a compoſed and aſſured countenance, admittance to the duke, or at leaſt that the porter would give his grace a paper which he held in his hand; but as he did not apply in a proper manner to this great officer, (who we think may not improperly be ſtyled the turnkey of the gate) as he did not ſhew him that paſſport which can open every gate, paſs by the ſurlieſt porter, and get admittance even to kings, neither himſelf or paper could gain any entrance; however he was not diſheartened with this, but waiting near the gate for ſome time, he at laſt ſaw a ſervant come out, whom he followed, and telling him that he was a very unfortunate man, deſired he would be ſo kind as to introduce him where he might ſpeak to his grace: as this ſervant had no intereſt in locking up his maſter, he very readily, complied with his requeſt, as ſoon as the porter was off his ſtand; which he accordingly did, introducing him into a hall, where the duke was to paſs through ſoon: he had not been long there, before the duke came in, upon which he clapped his knee to the ground, and very graciouſly offered a paper to his hands for acceptance, which was a petition, ſetting forth, that the unfortunate petitioner, Bampfylde-Moore Carew, was ſupercargo of a large veſſel that was caſt away coming from Sweden, in which were his whole effects, and none of

which he had been able to save. The duke seeing the name of Bampfylde-Moore Catew, and knowing those names to belong to families of the greatest worth and note in the west of England, enquired of what family he was, and how he came intitled to those honourable names? he replied they were those of his godfathers, the Honourable Hugh Bampfylde, and the Honourable Major Moore. The duke then asked him several questions about his friends and relations; all which he answered very fully,; and the duke expressed some surprise that he should apply for relief to any but his own family, who were so well able to assist him, he replied, he had disobliged them by some follies in his youth, and had not seen them for some yeats, but was now returning to them. Many more questions did the duke, and a lady who was present, ask him, all which he answered to their satisfaction.

As this was not a great while after his becoming a member of the community of the gipsies, the Duke had never heard that any of the noble family of the Carews was become one of those people; and was very glad to have it in his power to oblige any of that family; he therefore treated him with respect, and called a servant to conduct him into an inner room, where the duke's barber waited on him to shave him and presently after came in a footman, who brought in a good suit of trimmed cloaths, a fine Holland shirt, and all other parts of dress suitable to these. As soon as he had finished dressing he was introduced to the Duke again, who complimented him on his genteel appearance, and not without reason, as few did more honour to dress; he was desired to sit down by the Duke, with whom were many other persons of quality, who were all greatly taken with his behaviour, and very much condoled his misfortunes; so that a collection was soon made for him, to the amount of

ten guineas. The Duke being engaged to go out in the afternoon, desired him to stay there that night, and gave orders that he should be handsomely entertained, leaving his gentleman to keep him company; but Mr. Carew, probably not liking his company so well as the Duke's, took an opportunity, soon after the Duke was gone, to set out unobserved towards Basingstoke, where he immediately went to a house which he knew was frequented by some of his community: the master of the house, who saw him entering the door, cried out, Here's his grace the Duke of Bolton coming in: upon which there was no small hurry amongst the company; as soon as he entered, he ordered the liquor to flow very plentifully at his private cost; his brethren discovering who he was, were greatly amazed at the appearance he made, so different from the usual custom of their order but when he informed them of the bold stratagem he had executed, the whole place resounded with applause, and every one acknowledged he was most worthy of succeeding their present good old king.

As our hero's thoughts were bent on making still greater advantage of this stratagem, he did not stay long with his brethren, but went to a reputable inn where he lodged, and set out the next morning for Salisbury; here he presented his petition to the mayor, bishop, and other gentlemen of note and fortune, and acquainted them with the favours he had received from his grace the Duke of Bolton; the gentlemen having such ocular demonstration of the Duke's liberality, treated him with great complaisance and respect, and relieved him very generously, not presuming to offer any small alms to one whom the Duke of Bolton had thought so worthy of notice. In the same manner, and with the same success, he visited Lord Arundel, Sir Edward Bouverie, and many other gentlemen in the counties of Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset,

merſet; coming into Devonſhire, his native country, he viſited all his friends and moſt intimate acquaintance in that part, and was relieved by them, not one of them diſcovering this unfortunate ſupercargo to be Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew. Being one morning near the ſeat of his great friend, Sir William Courtney, he was reſolved to pay him three viſits that day: he goes therefore to a houſe frequented by his order, and there pulls off his fine clothes, and puts on a parcel of rags; in this dreſs he moves towards Sir William's: there, with a piteous moan, a diſmal countenance, and deplorable tale, he got half a crown of that gentleman, as a man who had met with misfortunes at ſea; at noon he put on a leather apron, a coat which ſeemed ſcorched by the fire, and with a dejected countenance applied again, and was relieved as an unfortunate ſhoemaker, who had been burnt out of his houſe, and all he had; in the afternoon he goes again in his trimmed clothes, and deſiring admittance to Sir William, with a modeſt grace and ſubmiſſive eloquence he repeats his misfortune as a ſupercargo of a veſſel which had been caſt away, and his whole effects loſt, at the ſame time mentioning the kindneſs he had received from his grace the Duke of Bolton. Sir William ſeeing his genteel appearance and behaviour, treated him with that reſpect which the truly great will always pay to thoſe who ſupplicate their aſſiſtance, and generouſly relieved him, preſenting him with a guinea at his departure. There happened to be at that time a great number of the neighbouring gentlemen and clergy at dinner with Sir William, not one of whom diſcovered who this ſupercargo was, except the Rev. Mr. Richards, who did not make it known till he was gone; upon which Sir William diſpatched a ſervant after him to deſire him to come back; when he entered the room again Sir William and the reſt of the company were very

merry with him, and he was desired to sit down and give them an account by what stratagem he had got all his finery, and what success he had had with it, which he did; after which he asked Sir William if he had not bestowed half a crown that morning on a beggar, and about noon relieved a poor unfortunate shoemaker; I remember, replied Sir William, that I bestowed such an alms on a poor ragged wretch; well, says Mr. Carew, that ragged wretch was no other than the supercargo now before you. Sir William scarcely crediting this, Mr. Carew withdrew and putting on the same rags, came again with the same piteous moan, the same dismal countenance, and the same deplorable tale as he had done in the morning, which fully convinced Sir William that he was the same man, and occasioned no little diversion in the company: he was introduced again, and seated among them in his rags; Sir William being one of the few who pay a greater regard to the man than the dress, can discern and support merit under rags, and despise poverty of soul and worthlessness under embroidery: but notwithstanding the success of this stratagem, our hero has always looked upon it as one of the most unfortunate in his whole life, for after he had been at Sir William's, as above-mentioned, coming to Stoke Gabriel, near Totness, on a Sunday, and having done that which discovered the nakedness of Noah, he went to the Rev. Mr. Osburn, the minister of the parish, and requested the thanksgiving of the church for the wonderful preservation of himself and ship's crew in the imminent danger of a violent tempest of thunder and lightening, which destroyed the vessel they were aboard of; though Mr. Osburn knew him very well, yet he had no suspicion of its being him in disguise, therefore readily granted his request; and not only so, but recommending him to his parishioners, a handsome collection was made for him by the congregation, with which he withdrew contented.

CHAP. III.

The old King of the Beggars dies—Mr. Carew chosen in his stead—The Beggars coronation song—Attempts to save a man from drowning—personates a Newfoundland Trader's Son—is very successful—he is betrayed into trouble at Barnstable in Devon.

IT was about this time the old king of the Mendicants named Clause Patch, well known in the city of London, and most parts of England, finished a life of true glory, being spent in promoting the welfare of his people. A little before his death, finding the decays of nature increase every day, and his final dissolution approach, he called together all his children, to the number of eighteen, and summoned as many of his subjects as were within any convenient distance, being willing that the last spark of his life should go out in the service of his people; this summons was obeyed with heavy hearts by his loving subjects, and at the day and place appointed, a great number assembled together.

Never was there a scene of more real distress, or more unfeigned grief, than appeared now among his children and subjects. Nothing was heard but sighs and exclamations of their loss. When the first transports of their grief were over, they sent the sorrowful news to all the houses that were frequented by their community in every part of the kingdom: at the same time summoning them to repair to the city of London on a certain day, in order to the election of a new king.

Before the day appointed for the election, a vast concourse of mendicants flocked from all parts of the kingdom to the city of London, for every member of the community has a right to vote in the choice of

their king, as they think it inconsistent with that of natural liberty, which every man is born heir to, to deny any one the privilege of making his own choice in a matter of so great importance to him.

Though the community of the gipsies at other times give themselves up to mirth and jollity with, perhaps too much licence, yet nothing is more infamous and shameful amongst them, than to appear intoxicated during the time of an election; and it very rarely happens that any of them are so, for they reckon it a choice of so much importance, that they cannot exert in it too much judgment, prudence, and wisdom, therefore endeavour to have all their faculties clear at that time. Their method of election is different from that of most other people, though perhaps it is the best contrived of any, and attended with the fewest inconveniences. They are obliged, ten days before the election, to fix up in some place of their public resort, an account of those actions upon the merit of which they found their pretensions of becoming candidates: to which they must add their opinions on liberty, and the office and duties of a king; they must during these ten days appear every day at the place of election, that their electors may have an opportunity of forming some judgment from the lineaments and prognostics of their countenance. A few days before the election, a little white ball, and as many black ones, as with the white one will equal the number of candidates are given to each elector.

When the day of election is come, as many boxes are placed as there are candidates, with the name of the particular candidates wrote on the box which is appropriated to him; these boxes are quite closed except a little opening at the top, which is every night during the election, locked up under the keys and seals of each of the candidates, and of six of the most

moſt venerable old men in the community; it is in the little opening as the top of theſe boxes, that the elector puts in the little balls we have juſt now mentioned; at the ſame time he puts his white ball into the box of the candidate whom he chuſes to be his king, he puts a black ball into the boxes of all the other candidates: and when they have all done ſo, the boxes are all broken open, and the balls counted in preſence of all the candidates, and as many of the electors as chuſe it, by the old men abovementioned; and he who has the greateſt number of white balls, is always duly choſen. By this means no preſiding officer has it in his power to make one more than two, which ſometimes happens in the elections amongſt other communities, who do not this form.

By this method of balloting, or giving their votes by balls, the elector's choice is more free and unbiaſſed; for as none but himſelf can know the candidate he gives his white ball to, there can be no influence of fear, intereſt, ties of blood, or any other cauſe to oblige him to give his vote contrary to his judgment; even bribes, if they were known amongſt theſe people, would loſe their effect under this method of voting; becauſe few candidates would chuſe to bribe, when they could have no ſecurity, or knowledge, whether the bribed elector might not put a black ball inſtead of a white one into his box.

Our hero was now one of the candidates, and exhibited to the electors ſo long a liſt of bold and ingenious ſtratagems which he had executed, and made ſo graceful and majeſtic an appearance in his perſon, that he had a conſiderable majority of white balls in his box; (though there were ten candidates for the ſame honour) upon which he was duly elected, and hailed by the whole aſſembly, King of the Mendicants: the public regiſter of their actions being immediately

mediately committed to his care, and homage done him by all the assembly; the whole concluded with great feasting and rejoicing, and the electors sung the following ode:

I.

CAST your nabs* and cares away,
This is Maunder's Holiday:
In the world, look out and see,
Where so happy a king as † He?

II.

At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing:
Where's the nation lives so free,
And so merrily, as we?

III.

Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are:
Hang all Harmenbeck's‡, we cry,
We the Cuffin Queres‖ defy.

IV.

We enjoy our ease and rest,
To the field we are not press'd,
And when the taxes are increas'd,
We are not a penny cess'd.

V.

Nor will any go to law,
With a Maunder § for a straw,
All which happiness he brags,
Is only owing to his rags. ‡§‡

*Hats or caps. †Pointing to their new-made King.
‡Constables. ‖Justices of the peace, or churls.
§ A Beggar.

‡§‡ Those who are fond of vulgarism may consult an old quarto book, intitled "Groundworke of Conny-catching, the Manner of their Pedlers French, and the Means to understand the same. Done by Justice of Peace of great Authoritie, *black let.* 1592"

Though Mr. Carew was now privileged by the dignity of his office from going out on any cruize, and was provided with every thing neceſſary, by the joint contributions of the community, yet he did not give himſelf up to the ſlow poiſon of the mind, indolence, which, though its operations are imperceptible, is more hurtful and fatal than any of the quicker paſſions. Our hero, therefore, notwithſtanding the particular privilege of his office, was as active in his ſtratagems as ever, and ready to encounter any difficulties which ſeemed to promiſe ſucceſs, of which the following is an inſtance; happening to be in the priſm of Fleet, near Portland Race, in Dorſetſhire, he heard, in the evening, of a ſhip in imminent danger of being caſt away, ſhe having been driven on ſome ſhoals; early in the morning, before it was well light, unſeen by any one, he ſwims to the veſſel, which now parted aſunder; he only found one of the crew alive, who was hanging by his hands on the ſide of the veſſel, the reſt being either waſhed overboard, or drowned in attempting to ſwim to ſhore. Never was there a more piteous object than this poor wretch hanging between life and death: Mr. Carew immediately offered him his aſſiſtance to get him to ſhore, at the ſame time enquiring the name of the veſſel and her maſter, what cargo on board, whence ſhe came and wither bound? The poor wretch replied, ſhe belonged to Briſtol, captain Griffin maſter, came from Hamburgh, and bound to Briſtol with Hamburgh goods, and had ſeven men and a boy on board, at the ſame time our hero was preſſing him to let go his hold, and commit himſelf to his care, and he would endeavour to ſwim with him to ſhore; but the poor wretch heſitated ſo long before he would quit his hold of the veſſel, that a large ſea broke upon the wrech and overwhelmed him in the great deep. Mr. Carew was in no little

danger

danger, but being an excellent swimmer, he with great difficulty got to shore, though not without hurt, the sea throwing him with great violence on the beach, whereby one of his arms was wounded. By this time a great number of spectators were gathered on the strand, who rejoiced to see Mr. Carew come to shore alive, supposing him to be one of the poor wretches belonging to the ship; naked, spent with fatigue, and wounded, he raised a feeling pity in all the spectators.

Amongst the spectators of Mr. Carew, was the housekeeper of Madam Mohun, in the parish of Fleet, who (with great pleasure do we mention it) had a heart made of the softest substance, for she immediately agreeable to the beneficent precepts of the Gospel, pulled off her own cloak to give to him who had none; and, like the good Samaritan, giving him a handkerchief to bind up his wound, bid him follow her, and led him to her mistresses house, where she seated him by a good fire, gave him two large glasses of brandy, with loaf sugar in it, then bringing him a shirt and other apparel, goes up stairs and acquaints her lady, in the most most moving maner, with the whole affair.——Her mistress was so affected with her relation, that she immediately ordered a bed to be warmed very hot for the poor wretch to be put into, and taken great care of; which was accordingly soon done, and Mr. Carew lay very quiet for three or four hours, then awaking he seemed to be very much disturbed in mind, his talk was incoherent, his groans moving, and he tossed from one side of the bed to the other, but seemed to find ease in none; the good people seeing him so uneasy in bed, brought him a good suit of cloaths, and he got up: being told the bodies of some of his shipmates were flung up by the sea on the shore, he seemed greatly affected and the tears dropped from his

his eyes. Having received from Juſtic Farwell (who happened to be there ill of the gout) a guinaa, and a paſs for Briſtol, and conſiderable contributions from the great number of people who flocked to ſee him, to the amount of nine or ten pounds, he expreſſed an inclination to make the beſt of his way to Briſtol; and the good Juſtice Farwell lent him his own horſe to ride as far as Dorcheſter, and the parſon of the pariſh ſent his man to ſhew him the way.

Mr. Carew would have been gladly excuſed from going through Dorcheſter, as he had appeared there but four or five days before in the character of a broken miller, and had thereby raiſed a contribution at that place; but as it lay in the direct road to Briſtol, and he was attended by a guide, he could not poſſibly avoid it. As ſoon as they came there, his guide preſented the paſs in behalf of Mr. Carew, to the mayor, who thereupon ordered the town bell to be rung, and aſſembled the heads of the corporation. Though he had been ſo lately with them, yet, being now in a different dreſs, and the guide teſtifying he was an unfortunate ſhipwrecked ſeaman, eſcaped from the moſt imminent danger, they had no notion of his being the broken miller who had been with them a few day before, they therefore relieved him very generouſly. After this the Guide took his leave of him him with a great many good wiſhes for his ſafe arrival at Briſtol; but Mr. Carew inſtead of purſuing his way thither, ſteered his courſe towards Devonſhire, and raiſed contributions in the way, as a ſhipwrecked ſeaman, on Col. Brown, of Framton, 'Squire Trenchard, and 'Squire Fulford, of Tolla, Col. Broadrip, Col. Michael, and 'Squire Richards, of Long Britty, and ſeveral other gentlemen.

It was not long after this, that being in the city of Briſtol, he put in execution a very bold and ingenious

nious ſtratagem. Calling to mind one Aaron Cock, a trader of conſiderable worth and note at St. John's in Newfoundland, whom he reſembled both in perſon and ſpeech, he was reſolved to be the ſon of Aaron Cock for ſome time, he therefore goes upon the Tolſey, and other places of public reſort for the merchants of Briſtol, and there modeſtly acquaints them with his name and misfortunes: that he was born and lived all his life time at St. John's in Newfoundland; that he was bound for England in the Nicholas, Captain Newman; which veſſel ſpringing a leak, they were obliged to quit her, and were taken up by an Iriſhman, Patrick Pore, and by him carried into Waterford, from thence he had got paſſage, and landed at King-road; that his buſineſs in England was to buy proviſions and fiſhing craft, and to ſee his relations, who lived in the pariſh of Cockington, near Torbay, where his father was born. The captains, and ſeveral other Newfoundland traders, (many of whom perſonally knew his pretended father and mother) aſked him many queſtions concerning the family, their uſual place of fiſhing, &c. particularly if he remembered how the quarrel happened at his father's (when he was but a boy) which was of ſo unhappy conſequence to Governor Collins? Mr. Carew very readily replied, that though he was then very young, he remembered that the Governor, the parſon and his wife, and ſeveral other women of St. John's, being met together, and feaſting at his father's, a warm diſpute happened among the men (in the heat of liquor) concerning the virtue of women, the Governor obſtinately averting (being unmarried himſelf) that there was not one honeſt woman in all Newfoundland: what think you then of my wife? ſays the Parſon. Nay, the ſame I do of all other women, all whores alike, anſwered the Governor roughly. Hereupon the women, not able to bear

bear this groſs aſperſion upon their honor, with one accord attacked the Governor, who being overpowered by their fury, could not defend his face from being disfigured by their nails, nor his cloaths from being torn off his back; and, what was much worſe, the Parſon's wife thinking herſelf moſt injured, cut the hamſtring of his leg with a knife, which rendered him a cripple his whole life after.

This circumſtantial account, which was in every point exactly as the affair happened, and many other queſtions concerning the family, which the captains aſked him, and he as readily anſwered, (having got very particular information concerning them when he was in Newfoundland, fully convinced the captains that he muſt really be the ſon of their good old friend, Mr. Aaron Cock; they therefore not only generouſly relieved him, but offered to lend him any moderate ſum, to be paid again in Newfoundland the next fiſhing ſeaſon; but Mr. Carew had too high a ſenſe of honor to abuſe their generoſity ſo far; he therefore excuſed himſelf from accepting their offer, by ſaying, he could be furniſhed with as much as he ſhould have occaſion for, by merchant Pemm of Exeter. They then took him with them to the Guildhall, recommending him to the benevolence of the mayor and corporation, teſtifying he was a man of a reputable family in Newfoundland. Here a very handſome collection was made for him, and the circumſtances of his misfortunes becoming public, many other gentlemen and ladies gave him that aſſiſtance which is always due to unfortunate ſtrangers Three days after he ſet out for Cockington, (where his relations lived) and Bridgewater being his road, he had a letter from one of the Briſtol captains, to captian Drake in that place. As ſoon as he came to Bridgewater, he went directly to the mayor's houſe and knocking at the door, it was opened to him by

Madam, to whom he related his misfortune; and the good lady pitying him as an unfortunate ſtranger ſo far diſtant from his home, gave him half a crown, and engaged her daughter, a child, to give him a ſhilling. The good lady not content with what ſhe had already done, uſhered him into the room, where her huſband, an aged gentleman was writing: to whom ſhe related Mr. Cock's misfortunes in as moving a manner as ſhe was able; the old gentleman laid aſide his ſpectacles, and aſked him ſeveral queſtions, then diſpatched his ſervant into the town, who ſoon returned with two Newfoundland captains, one of whom happened to be captain Drake, to whom our hero had a letter of recommendation given him by one of the Briſtol captains; and the other, Captain Morris, whoſe buſineſs having called him to Briſtol, he had there been informed of the circumſtancea of Mr. Cock's misfortunes; and he repeating the ſame now to the Mayor, Captain Morris confirmed this relation, told them how he had been treated at Briſtol, and made him a preſent of a guinea and a great coat; Captain Drake likewiſe gave him a guinea, for both theſe gentlemen perfectly well knew Mr. Cock's father and mother; the Mayor likewiſe made him a preſent, and entertained him very hoſpitably in his houſe. In the ſame character he viſited ſeveral other gentlemen, raiſing conſiderable contributions.

Going one day to pay a viſit to Mr. Robert Incledon, at Barnſtable in Devon, (in an ill hour which his knowledge could not foreſee)* knocking at the door ſoftly, it was opened to him by the clerk with common ſalutations of How do you do, Mr. Carew? Where have you been? He readily replied that he had been making a viſit to 'Squire Baſſet, and

* He ſeems not to have ſtudied much the horaray tency of the hour.

in his reurn had called to pay his reſpects to Mr. Incledon; the clerk very civilly aſked him to walk in: but no ſooner was he entered than the door was ſhut upon him by Juſtice Leithbridge, (a very bitter enemy to the whole community of mendicants) who concealed himſelf behind it, and Mr. Carew was made a priſoner. So ſudden are the viciſſitudes of life! and misfor unes ſpring as it were out of the earth. Thus ſudden and unexpected fell the mighty Cæſar, the maſter of the world, and juſt ſo, affrighted Priam looked when the ſhade of Hector drew his curtains, and told him that his Troy was taken.

CHAP. IV.

Carew is confined in Priſon—ſent to Exeter—tried and ſentenced for tranſportation to Maryland—arrives there—finds means to eſcape, but is retaken and brought back.

THE reader will, undoubtedly, be at a loſs to comprehend why he was thus ſeized upon, contrary to the laws of hoſpitality; it is therefore our buſineſs to inform him, that he had ſome time before this, in the ſhape of a poor lame cripple, frightened either the Juſtic or his horſe on Hilton Bridge; but which of the two it was cannot be affirmed with any certainty. However, the Juſtice vowed a dire revenge, and now exulted greatly at having got him in his power; it was no ſooner known that our hero was in captivivity, but the Juſtice's houſe was crouded with interceſſors for him: however Juſtice Leithbridge was deaf to all, and even to the entreaties of beauty, ſeveral pretty ladies being likewiſe advocates for him: whether it was that the Juſtice was paſt that age when love ſhoots his darts with moſt ſucceſs, or

whether his heart was always made of that unmalleable ſtuff which is quite unaſſailable by love, or its couſin-german pity, we cannot well determine.

Amongſt the reſt who came to ſee him, were ſome captains of collier veſſels, whom the Juſtice eſpying, and, probably taking ſome diſguſt at their countenances, demanded who they were, and immediately diſcharging the guard which had been before placed over Mr. Carew, charged the captains with the care of him, though they affirmed their veſſels were to ſail with the next tide, however, the Juſtice paying as little regard to their allegations as he had done to their petitions for Mr. Carew, they found they had no other hope but from the good natured dame Patience; a good woman, who is always ready to render our misfortunes leſs, and was, in all his adventures a good friend to our hero.

At length a warrant was made out for conveying him to Exeter, and lodging him in one the ſecureſt places in that city; but as it was now too late to ſet forward on their journey that night, they were ordered to a public houſe in Barnſtaple, and the Juſtice, remembering the old proverb, Faſt bind, faſt find, would fain have locked the door of the room where Mr. Carew was, and taken the key with him; but the honeſt landlord, offering to become ſecurity for his appearance in the morning, the Juſtice was at laſt perſuaded to be content without the office of a jailor. Mr. Carew, notwithſtanding his ſituation, was not caſt down, but bravely oppoſed his ill fortune with his courage, and paſſed the night chearfully with the captains, who were his guards. The next day he was conducted to Exeter, without any thing remarkable happening on the road: here he was ſecurely lodged for more than two months, and then brought up to the quarter-ſeſſions held at the caſtle, when Juſtice Beavis was chairman; but

that

that awful appearance,

"The Judges are all met, a terrible ſhow!"

did not ſtrike any terror into his breaſt; though loaded with chains, he preſerved his uſual firmneſs of mind, and ſaluted the court with a noble aſſurance. Being aſked by the chairman what parts of the world he had been in, he anſwered, Denmark, Sweden, Muſcovy, France, Spain, Portugal, Newfoundland, Ireland, Wales, and ſome part of Scotland: the chairman then told him, he muſt proceed to a hotter country; he enquired into what climate, and being told Maryland, he added, it would ſave him five pounds for his paſſage, as he was very deſirous of ſeeing that country; but, notwithſtanding with great reſolution, deſired to know by what law they acted, as he was not accuſed of any crime: however ſentence of baniſhment was paſſed upon him for ſeven years: but his fate was not ſingular, for he had the comfort of having fellow companions enough in his ſufferings, as out of 35 priſoners, 32 were ordered into the like baniſhment ——— Whether at that period of time, mankind were more profligate than uſual; or, whether there was a more than ordinary demand for men in his majeſty's colonies, cannot by us be determined.*

Mr. Carew was not, as is moſt commonly the caſe, deſerted by his friends in adverſity, for he was viſited during the time of his impriſonment, by many gentlemen, who were exceeding liberal to him, and no ſooner did the news of his captivity reach the ears of his ſubjects, than they flocked to him from all parts, adminiſtered to his neceſſities in priſon, and

* Certain it is, that at that time, Magiſtrates unaccountably poſſeſſed the power of tranſporting ſuch as they deemed vagrants.

daily viſited him till his departure. This, and the many new ſcenes and adventures which he was likely to encounter with, whereby he might have an opportunity of making his name as famous in America, as it was already in Europe, often filled his mind with too pleaſing reflections, to regret his fate, though he could have liked to have performed the voyage under more agreeable circumſtances; but whenever the thought of being cruelly ſeparated from his beloved wife and daughters glanced on his mind, the huſband and father unmanned the hero, and melted him into tenderneſs and fear; the reflection too of the damage his ſubjects might ſuſtain by his abſence, and the diſorder the whole community would be put in by it, filled him with many diſquietudes. Thus, between pleaſing ideas, and heart felt pangs, did he paſs his time till the day arrived that he was to be conducted on board the Julian, Captain Froade, commander: but how ſhall I deſcribe the ceremony of parting, the laſt farewel of that dreadful day.

Leaving the reader therefore to ſuppoſe all theſe things, behold the ſails already ſpread, and the veſſel cutting the waves; but, as if fate had oppoſed itſelf to the baniſhment of our hero, the winds ſoon proved contrary, and they were obliged to ſtay more than a fortnight in Falmouth harbour for a fair wind, and thence were eleven weeks in their paſſage to Maryland.

The firſt place they touched at was Hampton, between Cape Charles and Cape Henry, where the captain went on ſhore and got a pilot, and after about two days ſtay here, the pilot brought the veſſel down Miles's River, and caſt anchor in Talbot County, when the captain ordered a gun to be fired, as a ſignal for the planters to come down, and then went aſhore; he ſoon after ſent on board a hogſhead of rum, and ordered all the men priſoners to be cloſe

ſhaved

ſhaved againſt the next morning, and the women to have their beſt head-dreſſes put on, which occaſioned no ſmall hurry on board, for between the trimming of beards, and putting on of caps, all hands were fully employed. In the morning the captain ordered public notice to be given of a day of ſale, and the priſoners who were pretty near a hundred, were all ordered upon deck, where a large bowl of punch was made, and the planters flocked on board; their firſt enquiry was for letters and news from Old England, what paſſage he had, how their friends did, and the like. The captain informed them that war was declared againſt Spain, and that it was expected it would ſoon be declared againſt France, that he had been eleven weeks and four days in his paſſage. Their next enquiry was, if the captain had brought them good ſtore of joiners, carpenters, blackſmiths, weavers, and taylors, upon which the captain called out one Griffy, a taylor, who had lived at Chumleigh, in the county of Devon, and was obliged to take a voyage to Maryland, for making too free with his neighbour's ſheep: two planters, who were parſon Nicholas and Mr. Rolles, aſked him if he was ſound wind and limb, and told him it would be worſe for him if he told them an untruth, and at laſt purchaſed him of the captain. The poor taylor cried, curſing his wife who had betrayed him, Mr. Carew, like a brave man, to whom every ſoil is his own country, aſhamed of his cowardice, gave the taylor to the devil; and wherefore all theſe wailings, ſays our hero, have we not a fine glorious country before us? pointing to the ſhore, and indeed in this he was right, for Maryland not only affords every thing which preſerves and confirms health, but alſo all things that are charming. The beauty of the proſpect, the fragrancy of the fields and gardens, the brightneſs of the ſky, and ſerenity of the air, affect the raviſhed ſenſes: the

country

country being a large plain, and the hills in it so easy of ascent, and of such a moderate height, that they seemed rather an artificial ornament to it, than one of the accidents of Nature. The abundance of rivers and brooks is no small help to the fertility of the soil.

But to return:——When all the best tradesmen were bought up, a planter came to Mr. Carew, and asked him what trade he was of; Mr. Carew to satisfy him of his usefulness, told him he was a rat-catcher, and a mendicant; what the d—l trades are these? replied the planter, in astonishment, for I have never before heard of them. Upon which the captain thinking he should lose the sale of him, takes the planter a little aside, and tells him, he did but jest, being a man of humour, for that he was a great scholar, and and was only sent over on account of having disobliged some gentlemen; that he had no indenture with him, but he should have him for seven years, and that he would make an excellent schoolmaster: however, no purchase was made of him. The next day the captain asked him to go on shore with him to see the country, but with a view of getting a purchaser for him among the planters. As they were walking several people came up to Mr. Carew, and asked him what countryman he was, &c. At length they went to a tavern, where one David Huxter, who was formerly of Lyme in Dorset, and Mr. Hambleton, a Scotchman, seemed to have an inclination to buy him between them: soon after came in Mr. Ashcraft, who put in for him too, and the bowl of punch went merrily round. In the midst of their mirth, Mr Carew, who had given no consent to the bargain they were making for him, thought it no breach of honor or good manners to take an opportunity of slipping away without taking any leave of them; and taking with him about a pint of brandy, and some biscuit-

cakes

cakes, which, by good luck he chanced to lay his hands on, he immediately betook himself to the woods as the only place of security for him.

Mr. Carew having found he had eluded their search congratulated himself on his happy escape and deliverance; for he now made no doubt of getting to Old England, notwithstanding the difficulties which lay in his way, as he knew courage was equal to every danger; but we are too often apt, as the proverb says To reckon without our host, and are sometimes nearest danger, when we think ourselves most secure; and so it happened to our hero at this time, for amidst his joyful reflections, he did not know that none were allowed to pass there, unless when known, without proper passes, of which he was not provided: and there is moreover a reward of 5l for any one who apprehends a runaway, it therefore happened that one morning early, going through a narrow path, he was met by four timber men going to work; he would fain have escaped their observation, but they soon hailed him, and demanded where he was going, and where his pass was. These were questions which he would willingly have been excused from answering; however as his wit was always ready he immediately told them he belonged to the Hector Privateer, (which he knew then lay upon the coast) and and that he was going on some business for the captain to Charles country; but as he could produce no pass, this would not satisfy them: so they seized upon him, and conducted him to one Colonel Brown's, a justice of the peace in Ann Arundel country — but here, reader that thou mayest not form a wrong idea of this justice, and (as too often is the case) judge of what thou hast seen from what thou hast not seen, it will be necessary to inform thee, that he was not such a one as Hudibras describes:

An

An old dull ſot, who told the clock
For many years at Bridewell Dock,
At Weſtminſter, at Hicks's Hall,
And Hiccius Doccius play'd in all
Who in all governments and times,
Had been both friend and foe to crimes;
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hindering juſtice, or maintaining.

Neither was he ſuch a one as that excellent artiſt Mr. Hogarth has depicted, in his picture of a modern midnight converſation: nor ſuch a one as the author of Joſeph Andrews has, above all others ſo inimitably drawn to the life; nor yet was he ſuch a one as thou haſt often ſeen at a quarter-ſeſſions, with a large wig, who gravely nods over a cauſe, and then paſſes a deciſion on what he does not underſtand; and no wonder, when he, perhaps, never ſaw, much leſs never read, the laws of his country. But of Juſtice Brown, I can aſſure the reader, he could not only read, but upon occaſion write a mittimus without the aſſiſtance of his clerk; he was thoroughly acquainted with the general duties of his office, and the particular laws of Maryland; his countenance was an aweful majeſty tempered with a humane ſweetneſs, ever unwilling to puniſh, yet always afraid of offending Juſtice; and if at any time neceſſity obliged him to uſe the rod, he did it with ſo much humanity and compaſſion, as plainly indicated the duties of his office forced, rather than the cruelty or haughtineſs of his temper, prompted to it.

It was before ſuch a juſtice Mr. Carew had the good fortune to be carried: they found him in his court-yard, juſt mounting his horſe to go out, and he very civilly enquired their buſineſs; the timber men told him they had got a runaway: the juſtice then enquired of Mr. Carew who he was: he replied, he was a ſea-faring man, belonging to the Hector privateer,

of

of Boſton, captain Anderſon, and as they could not agree, he had left the ſhip. The juſtice told him he was very ſorry it ſhould happen ſo, but he was obliged by the duty of his office, and the laws of his country, to ſtop all paſſengers who could not produce paſſes and that therefore, though unwillingly, he ſhould be obliged to commit him; he then entertained him very peintifully with victuals and drink, and in the mean time made his commitment for New-Town gaol. Mr. Carew finding his commitment made, told the timber-men, that as they got their money ſo very eaſily, he would have a horſe to ride on, for it was too hot for him to walk in that country. The juſtice merrily cried, 'Well ſpoken, priſoner. There was then a great adieu with the timber-men to get a horſe for him, but at laſt one was procured, and our hero, mounted on a milk-white ſteed, was conveyed in a ſort of triumph to New Town, the timber-men performing the cavalcade on foot. The commitment was directed to the under ſheriff in New-Town, a ſadler by profeſſion, who immedirtely waited upon him to the priſon: he found it well peopled, and his ears were confuſed with almoſt as many dialects as put a ſtop to the building of Babel. Mr. Carew ſaluted them courteouſly, and enquired what countrymen they were: ſome were of Kilkenny, ſome of Limmerick, ſome Dublin, others of Somerſet, Dorſet, Devon, and Cornwal; ſo that he found he had choice enough of companions; and, as he ſaw he had no remedy but patience, he endeavoured to amuſe himſelf as well as he could. Looking through the iron bars, he eſpies a whipping poſt and gallows, at which he turns to his companions, and cries out, a fine ſight truly this is, my friends! which was a jeſt many of them could not reliſh, as they had before taſted of the whipping; looking on the other ſide, he ſaw a fine houſe, and demanding whoſe it was, they told

him

him it was the aſſembly houſe. While he was thus amuſing himſelf, reflecting on the variety of his fate, fortune was preparing a more agreeable ſcene for him a perſon coming up to the window, aſked where the runaway was, who had been brought in that day: Mr. Carew compoſedly told him he was the man: they then entered into diſcourſe, enquiring of each other of what country they were, and ſoon found that they were pretty near neighbours, the perſon that addreſſed him being one out of Dorſetſhire. While they were talking, Mr. Carew ſeeing the tops of ſome veſſels riding in the river, enquired what place they belonged to; the man replied, to the Weſt of England, to one Mr. Buck of Biddeford, to whom moſt of the town belonged. Our hero's heart leaped for joy at this good news, and he haſtily aſked if the captains Kenny, Harvey, Hopkins, and George Burd were there; the man replying in the affirmative, ſtill heightened his ſatisfaction. Will you have the goodneſs to be an unfortunate priſoner's friend, ſays he to the perſon he was talking with, and preſent my humble duty to any of them, but particularly captain Harvey, and inform them I am here; the man very civilly replied, he would do it, and aſked what he ſhould tell them to be his name? Tell them my name is Carew, the Rat catcher. Away goes the man repeating all the way, Carew the Rat-catcher, leſt he ſhould forget it: and he executed his meſſage ſo well, that very ſoon after up came the captains to the gaol door, enquiring what Carew Rat-catcher wanted to ſpeak with them? Mr. Carew, who heard them, anſwered with tantivy and a halloo to the dogs; upon which captain Harvey ſwore it was Carew, and fell a laughing very heartily: then coming up to the window they very cordially ſhook hands with him, ſaying, they ſhould as ſoon have expected to have ſeen Sir Robert Walpole there as him. They then

enquired

enquired by what means he came there: and he informed them circumſtantially of every thing as aforementioned. The captains aſked him, if he would drink a glaſs of rum, which he accepted of very willingly in his preſent condition; one of them ſent down to the ſtorehouſe for a bottle of rum and a bottle of October, and then they all went into the gaol, and ſat down with him. Thus did he ſee himſelf once more ſurrounded by his friends, ſo that he ſcarce regretted meeting with the timber-men, as they had brought him into ſuch good company. He was ſo elevated with his good fortune, that he forgot all his misfortunes, and paſſed the evening as cheerfully as if he had been neither a ſlave nor a priſoner. The captains enquired, if he had been ſold to a planter before he made his eſcape; he replying in the negative, they told him, that unleſs his captain came and demanded him, he would be publicly ſold the next court-day. When they took their leaves, they told him they would ſee him the next morning.

Accordingly they returned very early, and as ſoon as they had got admittance into the priſon, hailed him with the pleaſing ſound of liberty; telling him, they had agreed among themſelves to purchaſe him, then give him his releaſe, and furniſh him with proper paſſes; but inſtead of receiving this joyful news with the tranſports they expected, our hero ſtood for ſome time ſilent and loſt in thought. During this while he reflected within himſelf, whether his honour would permit him to purchaſe his liberty on theſe terms; and it was, indeed, no little ſtruggle which paſſed in his breaſt on this occaſion: he therefore told the captains, he had the moſt grateful ſenſe of this inſtance of their friendſhip, but that he could never conſent to purchaſe his freedom at their expence; and therefore deſired they would only do him the favour to acquaint captain Froade of his being there. The

captains were quite amazed at this reſolution, and uſed great intreaties to perſuade him to alter it, but all in vain; ſo that at laſt they were obliged to comply with his requeſt, in writing to captain Froade.

Captain Froade received, with great pleaſure, the news of his being in cuſtody at New-Town, and ſoon ſent round his long boat, paid all coſts and charges, and brought him once more on bard his ſhip. The captain received him with a great deal of malicious ſatisfaction in his countenance, telling him in a taunting manner, that though he had promiſed Sir William Courtenay to be at home before him, he ſhould find himſelf damnably miſtaken; and then with a tyrannic tone, bid him ſtrip, calling to the boatſwain to bring him a cat-and nine-tails, and tie him to the main-gears: accordingly our hero was obliged to undergo a cruel and ſhameful puniſhment. Here reader, if thou haſt not a heart made of ſomething harder than adamant, thou canſt not chuſe but melt at the ſufferings of our hero: he, who but juſt before did what would have immortalized the name of a Cæſar or Alexander, is now rewarded with cruel and ignominious ſtripes, far from his native country, wife, children, or any friends, and ſtill doomed to undergo ſevere hardſhips. As ſoon as the captain had ſufficiently ſatisfied his revenge, he ordered Mr. Carew on ſhore, taking him to a blackſmith, whom he ordered to make a heavy iron collar for him, which in Maryland they call a pot hook, and is uſually put about the necks of the runaway ſlaves. When it was faſtened on, the captain jeeringly cried, Now run away if you can: I will make you help to load this veſſel and then I'll take care of you, and ſend you to the iron works of Suſky Hallam.

Captain Froade ſoon after left the veſſel, and went up to a ſtore houſe at Tuckhoen, and the firſt mate to Kent Iſland, whilſt the ſecond mate and boatſwain

kept

kept the ſhip: in the mean time our hero was employed in loading the veſſel, and doing all manner of drudgery; galled with a heavy yoke, and narrowlly watched, he began to loſe all hopes of eſcape; his ſpirits began now to fail him, and he gave himſelf up almoſt to deſpair, little thinking his deliverance to be ſo near at hand, as he found it ſoon to be.

CHAP. V.

By the aſſiſtance of his friends he makes his eſcape—travels a great way over land—is entertained by the Indians—hunts with them—leaves them, and comes to Penſylvania.

ONE day as he was employed in his uſual drudgery, reflecting within himſelf on his unhappy condition, he unexpectedly ſees his good friends the captains Harvey and Hopkins, two of the Biddeford captains; who, as has been before related, had offered to redeem him at New-Town; he was overjoyed at the ſight of them; not that he expected any deliverance from them, but only as they were friends he had been ſo much obliged to. The captains came up and enquired very kindly how it fared with him, and how he bore the drudgery they ſaw him employed in; adding that he had better have accepted the offer they had made him at New-Town. Our hero gallantly replied, that however ſevere the hardſhips he underwent, and were they ſtill more ſo, he would rather chuſe to ſuffer them, than purchaſe liberty at their coſt. The captains, charmed with his magnanimity, were reſolved to make one attempt more to

get him his liberty; they ſoon after ſounded the boatſwain and mate, and finding them not greatly averſe to give him an opportunity to eſcape, they took him aſide and thus addreſſed him; Friend Carew, the offer we made you at New-Town, may convince you of the regard we have for you; we therefore cannot think of leaving the country, before we have by ſome means or other procured your liberty; we have already ſounded the boatſwain and mate, and find we can bring them to wink at your eſcape; but the greateſt obſtacle is, that there is forty pounds penalty and half a year's impriſonment, for any one that takes off your iron collar; ſo that you muſt be obliged to travel with it till you come among the friendly Indians, many miles diſtant from hence, who will aſſiſt you to take it off; for they are great friends to the Engliſh, and trade with us for kettles, frying-pans, guns, powder and ſhot, giving us in exchange, buffalo and deer ſkins, with other ſorts of furs; but there are two other ſorts of Indians, one of which are diſtinguiſhed by a very flat forehead, who uſe croſs bows in fighting; the other of a very dwarf ſtature, who are great enemies, and very cruel to the whites: theſe you muſt endeavour by all means to avoid, for if you fall into their hands they will certainly murder you.

The captains acquainted Mr. Carew that the unfriendly Indians were not the only enemies he had to fear, for he muſt expect to encounter with great dangers and difficulties, as rattle ſnakes, horn-ſnakes, black-ſnakes, lions, leopards, bears, wolves, and wild cats. However, this did not diſhearten our hero, for he was reſolved to attempt regaining his liberty, let the conſequence be what it would. The captains then gave him a pocket compaſs to ſteer by, a ſteel and tinder box, a bag of cakes, a cheeſe, and ſome rum, telling him he muſt leave the three-notched road a little way off, and ſteer to his left hand; (in Maryland

land they distinguish the roads by letters or notches cut out on the trees) that he must travel by night and lie concealed in the day, for forty miles, and then he would come to a part of the country quite uninhabited; from thence, he would enter the Indian country. They likewise told him, that all the wild beasts were afraid of fire, so that his best defence would be to strike a light and kindle some sticks whenever he was apprehensive of being attacked by any of them.

Our hero having received these and some other necessary instructions, and having returned his generous benefactors many thanks for their kindness, bidding them farewel with tears, set out on his dangerous journey about three o'clock in the afternoon. He had not travelled far before he began to reflect on his melancholy condition, alone, unarmed, unacqcainted with the way, galled with a heavy yoke, exposed every moment to the most imminent dangers, and dark tempestuous night approaching with all its horrors, increased his terrors: his ears were now assailed with the dismal yells and crying of wild beasts of different sorts: but remembering the instructions he had received from the captains, he soon struck fire and kindled some sticks, and was obliged to swing a firebrand round his head; the sight of which kept the wild beasts from coming near; for though they often came and looked upon him, yet they soon turned tail again, seeing the fire. However, it was with great joy he saw day light appear, at first dawn of which he was quite freed from these troublesome guests, he had now nothing to do but to seek the thickest tree he could find, and climbing up into it, he took some refreshment of sleep, which he had great need of, having travelled hard all night. He afterwards eat sparingly of the cheese and biscuit, for fear they might not last till he could get a fresh

ſupply, and then took a very large dram of rum, with which finding his ſpirits much refreſhed, and night coming on, he began his jonrney again, travelling in the ſame manner as the preceding night, with a firebrand whirling round his head. In this manner travelling by night and concealing himſelf by day, he went on for four days, when he reached the blue mountains, where he thought himſelf out of all danger of purſuit, or being ſtopped for want of a paſs. He now travelled by day, meeting with great multitudes of buffalos, black bears, deers, wolves, and wild turkeys, the latter being ſo large as to weigh thirty or forty pounds, none of theſe creatures offered to attack him; but walking one day on the ſide of a ſmall rivulet, almoſt loſt in thought, he was ſuddenly alarmed by ſomething he heard plunging in the water, and turning his head on the ſide from whence the noiſe came, he was ſtruck with the ſight of a great white bear, who being likewiſe diſturbed, raiſed himſelf immediately and made towards him. Our hero now thought there was no way to eſcape; however with great preſence of mind, he ſtepped aſide to a furze buſh, and ſtriking light with all the haſte he could ſet it on fire, at the ſight of which the bear, who was within a very ſmall diſtance of him, turned about, and went away roaring hideouſly.

Some time after this, he was comically alarmed by an inoffenſive animal; as he was walking along a deer track, he chanced to ſpy a very fine tortoiſhell box, as he imagined, though he could not conceive how it could be dropped there; and thinking he might make good advantage of it among the Indians, claps it in his pocket: he had not gone far before he heard a hiſſing noiſe, which ſeemed to be very near; he immediately thought it to be ſome venomous ſnake, and endeavoured to avoid it by going out of the path he was in; but ſtill the noiſe ſeemed to purſue him; at

laſt

laſt looking down, he ſees a little ugly black head peeping out of his pocket, which he found came out of what he had picked up for a box; he with much ado ſlips his fingers into his pocket, takes out his ſuppoſed box, and flings it to the ground, when the creature opening the upper from the under ſhell, marched away; this was, as he afterwards found, no other than a land tortoiſe.

He found his journey very often obſtructed by rivers and rivulets, which he was obliged either to wade through or ſwim over. At length, after many days tireſome travel, being grievouſly galled by his yode or collar, he diſcovered ſeveral tracts of the indians, never did more different paſſions agitate the breaſt of any man, than did the breaſt of our hero as this time: on the one ſide, he was overjoyed at the ſight of the tract of any human creature, thinking he ſhould now get rid of his heavy collar, as well as get ſome refreſhment of proviſions, his own having been exhauſted for almoſt two days paſt: but he had not pleaſed himſelf long with this reflection, before the idea of the barbarous and unfriendly Indians ſtruck into his mind, for he was quite uncertain whether the footſteps he diſcovered might lead him to the good and friendly Indians, or to thoſe barbarous and inhuman wretches; he now repreſented himſelf as ſet upon by theſe, againſt whom he had no arms to defend himſelf, cruelly tormented, and at laſt ſlain as a victim in ſome of their bloody ſacrifices,. It was about the evening when he diſcovered theſe footſteps, and the whole night in this tormenting ſuſpenſe; very early in the morning he diſcovered five Indians at a diſtance: his fears repreſented them in the moſt frightful colours; they ſeemed of a gigantic ſtature, and he thought he could perceive their faces to be very flat and broad, which was the characteriſtic or mark of the unfriendly Indians. This ſtruck him with unuſual

unuſual dread, andhe now gave himſelf over for loſt, as he ſaw they had eſpied him, and were making towards him: they coming nearer, he perceived them to be cloathed in deer ſkins, their hair to be exceeding long, hanging down a great way over their ſhoulders, and to his inexpreſſible joy, diſtinguiſhed they had guns in their hands, which was a ſure ſign to him they were the friendly Indians. This raiſed his ſpirits, and he approached them in a ſuppliant manner, making ſigns that he craved their aſſiſtance. The Indians accoſted him with clapping their hands on their heads and crying, Huſh me a top, which in their language ſignifies, good-morrow; then taking hold of his collar, they repeated to one another in broken Engliſh, a run-away! a run-away! Preſently after came up two more Indians, one of whom was of a fine majeſtic preſence, whoſe dreſs was by far more magnificent than any of the others. His habit being a moſt beautiful panther's ſkin faced with fur; his hair was adorned with a great variety of fine feathers, and his face painted with a great many colours. By theſe marks of diſtinction, Mr. Carew ſuppoſed him to be their king or prince, and indeed ſuch he was; he ſpoke very good Engliſh, and accoſted him as the others had done before; he then had him brought to a wig wam, which is a name they give their houſes, which are no more than ſtakes drove into the ground, covered over with deer or other ſkins. Here, obſerving that our hero was grievouſly hurt by his collar, this good king immediately ſet himſelf about freeing him from it; but as he had no proper tools for that purpoſe, he was at a great loſs how to execute it; but at laſt taking the ſteel of Mr. Carew's tinder box, he jagged it into a kind of a ſaw, with which he cut off his collar, but not without much labour, his majeſty ſweating heartily at the work. he then carried him into his own wig-wam, which appeared

appeared handſomely furniſhed. Here he ordered ſome Indian bread and other refreſhment to be ſet before Mr. Carew, who eat very heartily. During this the prince acquainted him his name was George Lillycraft; that his father was one of thoſe kings who were in England in the reign of Queen Anne; and then ſhewed him ſome fine laced clothes, which he ſaid were made a preſent of to him by the late King George of England; (meaning his late majeſty King George the firſt) he expreſſed a great affection for his brother kings of England, as he called them, and for the Engliſh nation in general. Soon after came in the queen, dreſſed in a ſhort jacket, leading in her hand a young prince, who both repeated the word run-away once or twice.

Next day the king preſented him to the wiſos, or chief men of the town, who received him with a great deal of civility, and tokens of high eſteem. He eat every day at the king's table, and had a lodging aſſigned him in his wig-wam, and grew every day more and more in eſteem among them, being conſulted in all matters of difficulty. Thus ſudden are the ſcenes of life ſhifted and changed, that a brave man will never deſpair, under whatſoever misfortunes; for our hero, who but a few weeks before was treated like a beaſt of burthen, heavily loaded, cruelly whipped, coarſely fed, and all by the inſolence and inhumanity of his own countrymen, is now ſeated in a ſtrange country, with kings and princes, and conſulted by a whole nation.

King Lillycraft, who was a man of very good natural ſenſe, uſed to diſcourſe with, and aſk Mr. Carew many queſtions of the cuſtoms and manners of his brother kings in England: being told one day that the king of England never ſtirred abroad without being ſurrounded with a great number of armed men, whom he paid for defending him, and fighting for

him

him, he very ſimply aſked, Who was he afraid of; or whether he was conſtantly at war with any neighbouring king, who might fall upon him unawares? Being told to the contrary, he expreſſed very great ſurpriſe, and could not conceive of what uſe theſe armed men were, when the king had no enemy; adding, When I am at war, my people are my guard, and fight for me without being paid for it, and would each of them lay down his life to defend mine; and when I am at peace, I can fear no evil from my own people, therefore have no need of armed men about me. Being told another time, that the king of England kept himſelf generally in his wigwam, or palace, ſurrounded by certain officers, who permitted no one to come near him, but by their permiſſion, which was the greateſt difficulty in the world to obtain, and that not a thouſandth part of the people who lived in the town where his palace was, had ever ſeen him in their lives, he turned away from Mr. Carew in a paſſion, telling him he was certain he deceived him, and belied his good-brother of England; for how, adds he can he be the king of a people whom he hath no knowledge of; or, how can he be beloved by his ſubjects who have never ſeen him? How can he redreſs their grievances, hear their complaints, and provide for their wants? How can he lead his people againſt their enemies? or, how know what his ſubjects ſtand in need of in the diſtant parts of his kingdom, if he ſo ſeldom ſtirs out of his wigwam? Being told that the king of England was informed of, and tranſacted this by means of the officers that were about him; he replied, It might be ſo, but if he ſhould ever chance to go to England, he ſhould talk with his good friend the king upon theſe matters, as he could not clearly apprehend how they could be. For my part, adds he, I know and am known by all my ſubjects; I appear daily among them

them, hear their complaints, redreſs their grievances and am acquainted with every place in my kingdom. Being told the people of England paid their king yearly vaſt ſums out of the profits of their labour; he laughed and cried, O! poor king! adding, I have often given to my ſubjects, but never received any thing from them.*

Hunting being the principal employment and diverſion of the Indians, at which they are very expert, Mr. Carew had an opportunity of gratifying to the utmoſt, his taſte for that diverſion, there ſcarce paſſing a day but he was a party amongſt them, at ſome hunting match or other, and moſt generally with the king himſelf. He was now grown into ſo great reſpect among them, that they offered him a wife out of the principal families of the place, nearly related to the king; but our hero, notwithſtanding theſe honours, could not forget his native country, the love of which glowed within his breaſt; he had therefore, for ſome time formed the deſign of leaving them, and very ſoon after this found an opportunity of doing ſo.

One day being out a hunting, they chanced to fall in company with ſome other Indians, near the river Delaware; and when the chace was over, ſat down to be merry together, and having got ſome rum amongſt them, they drank pretty freely, and fell to ſinging and dancing after their country faſhion.

Mr. Carew took this opportunity of ſlipping out; and going down to the river ſide ſeizes one of the canoes, and though he was entirely unacquainted with the method of managing them, boldly puſhes from ſhore, landing near Newcaſtle in Penſylvania, the place he croſſed over being called Duck's Creek, which

* The Indian kings are obliged to provide for the ſubſiſtence of their people.

which communicates with the great river Delaware. Mr. Carew being now got, as it were, among his countrymen again, ſoon transformed himſelf into a Quaker*, pulling off the button from his hat, and flapping it on every ſide, he put on as demure and preciſe a look, as if his whole family had been Quakers, and he had never ſeen any other ſort of people.

CHAP. VI.

Turns Qua'er—converſes with Mr. Whitſell—is relieved by him—goes to Philedelphia, and is relieved there by moſt of the merchants in ſeveral characters—goes to New Jerſey.

THE firſt houſe he went to was a barber's ſhop, of whoſe aſſiſtance he had indeed need enough, not having ſhaved his beard ſince he left the ſhip: here he told a moving ſtory, ſaying his name was John Elworth, of Briſtol; that he had been artfully kidnapped by one Samuel Ball, of the ſame place, and gone through great hardſhips in making his eſcape. The good barber, moved by his tale, willingly lent him his aſſiſtance to take off his beard; during the operation he entered into a good deal of chat, telling him that his father was one of Exeter; and when he went away, gave him a half crown bill†, and

* Moſt of the inhabitants of Penſylvania are quakers.

† In Penſylvania and other parts of America they made great uſe of paper monsy.

and recommended him to Mr. Wiggil, a Quaker, of the ſame place. Here he told his moving ſtory again and got a ten ſhilling bill from Mr. Wiggil, with recommendations to the reſt of the Quakers of the place, among whom he got a great deal of money. When he took his leave, he was recommended by them to the Quakers of a town called Caſtile. Here he found a great deal of favour, and made the beſt of his way to Brandywine Ferry, where is room enough to lay up the whole royal navy of England; and from thence to Cheſter, ſo called becauſe the people who firſt ſettled there came for the moſt part from Cheſhire. Mr. Carew came here on Sunday, and ſtaid all the night, and the next morning he enquired out one Mrs. Turner, a Quaker, who formerly lived at Embercomb, by Minehead, in Somerſetſhire; from her he got a bill, and a recommendation to ſome Quakers at Derby, about five miles further, where ſhe told him he would find Mr. Whitefield. He hearing this, ſet out for Derby; but before he reached there was overtaken by hundreds of people going to hear Mr. Whitefield preach. Friend, ſays he to one of them, where are you going ſo faſt? Haſt thou not heard, friend, ſays the other, the ſecond Chriſt is come? He then joined them, and proceeded to Derby with them, where he found Mr. Whitefield preaching in an orchard, but could not get near enough to hear his diſcourſe, by reaſon of the great concourſe of the people; however, he ſeemed to be affected with it, and ſtrictly imitated the Quakers in all their ſighs, groans, lifting up of the eyes, &c. Leaving them, he went to the ſign of the ſhip, and enquiring where Mr. Whitefield lodged that night, was told at the juſtice's, who was a miller; he then aſked if he could have a bed there that night and being told he might, paſſed the evening very chearfully.

In the morning he aſked for pen, ink, and paper, and ſoon drew a moving petition in the name of John Moore, the ſon of a clergyman, who had been taken on board the Tyger, Captain Matthews, and carried into the Havannah, from whence he had got his redemption, by means of the governor of the city of Annapolis; that he was in the moſt deplorable circumſtances, having nothing to help himſelf with, and hoped he would commiſerate his condition. Having finiſhed his petition, away goes he to the miller's houſe, where Mr. Whitefield lodged, and found about an hundred people were waiting about the door, to ſpeak to Mr. Whitefield; looking narrowly about, he eſpies a young lad, whom he found belonged to Mr. Whitefield; and going up to him, accoſts him very civilly. and begged he would do an unfortunate man the kindneſs to give that paper (giving him his petition) to Mr. Whitefield: the young lad readily promiſed he would. Preſently after comes forth Mr. Whitefield; and as ſoon as they perceived him, the Quakers preſſed round him, crying, Pray thee, friend, come and pray by my dear wife; and another, Pray thee, friend, come and ſee my dear brother. Mr. Whitefield made his way through them all as well as he could towards Mr. Carew, whom the young lad pointed out to him; when he came up to him, he told him, he was heartily ſorry for his misfortunes, but that we were all liable to them, and that thay happened by the will of God, and therefore it was our duty to ſubmit to them with patience and reſignation; then pulling out his pocket book gave him three or four pounds of that country paper-money. Mr. Carew returned him thanks with all the marks of the moſt lively gratitude, and Mr. Whitefield wiſhing him well to England, went away ſinging pſalms with thoſe who were about him, and we make no doubt but Mr. Carew joined wirh them in the melody

melody of the heart, for the good ſucceſs he had with Mr. Whitefield.

From hence Bampſylde had only ſeven miles to the city of Philadelphia, which is one of the fineſt in all America, and one of the beſt laid out cities in the world, it is the capital of Penſylvania: and was it full of houſes and inhabitants, according to the proprietor's plan, it would be a capital ſeat for a great empire. As it is, 'tis a large city, conſidering its late foundation, moſt commodiouſly ſituated between two navigable rivers, the Delaware and Schuylkill. He deſigned the town in form of an oblong ſquare, extending two miles in length, from one river to the other. The long ſtreets, eight in number, and two miles in length, he cut in right angles by thoſe of one mile in length, and ſixteen in number, all ſtraight and ſpacious. He left proper ſpaces for markets, parades quays, meeting houſes, ſchools, hoſpitals, and other public buildings. The city has two fronts on the water one on the eaſt ſide facing the Schuylkill, and the other on the weſt, facing the Delaware, which is near two miles broad, and navigable 300 miles, at leaſt for ſmall veſſels. The eaſtern part is the moſt populous, on account of the Schuylkill, which is navigable 800 miles above the falls. We have obſerved that each front of the ſtreet was to be two miles from river to river, as it was firſt laid out; but one cannot ſuppoſe it is finiſhed in that manner. The ſtreets that run againſt the Schuylkill are three quarters of a mile in length the houſes are ſtately, the wharfs and warehouſes numerous and convenient. This city flouriſhed ſo much at firſt, that there was near a hundred houſes, great and ſmall, in it in leſs than a year's time, and it has made anſwerable progreſs, the number of houſes, at this time, being about 2000, and generally ſpeaking, better edifices than in the cities of England, a few excepted, and thoſe only in

a few ſtreets. All the houſes have large orchards and gardens belonging to them; the land on which the city ſtands is high and firm, and the convenience of cover, docks and ſprings, have very much contributed to the commerce of this place, where many rich merchants now reſide, ſome of whom are ſo wealthy that they keep their coaches. Ships may ride in ſix or ſeven fathom water, with a very good anchorage, the land about it is a dry wholeſome level. High-ſtreet is 100 feet broad, ſo is Broad ſtreet which is in the middle of the city, running from north to ſouth. In the centre is a ſquare of ten acres, for the ſtate houſe, market houſe, and ſchool-houſe, as before hinted. The names of the ſtreets here denote the ſeveral ſorts of timber that are common in Penſylvania, as Mulberry-ſtreet, Saſſafras-ſtreeet, Cheſnut-ſtreet, Walnut-ſtreet, Beech-ſtreet, Aſh-ſtreet, Vine-ſtreet, Cedar-ſtreet. There are alſo King ſtreet, Broad-ſtreet, High-ſtreeet. The court-houſe is built of brick, and under it is a priſon; ſeveral houſes on the quay are worth 4 or 5000l. and 13 ſhips have been on the ſtocks at a time; ſome hundreds have been built there. The cellars and warehouſes on the quay are built over the river three ſtories high. Here are two fairs in a year, and two markets a week.

The inhabitants were at firſt moſtly Quakers, and ſo they continue. It was ſome time before there was a church built after the manner of England, but as ſoon as one was built, it was called chriſt-church. It had, in a few years, a very numerous congregation, and King William ordered an allowance of 53l. a year to the miniſter; which, with voluntary contributions, made a very handſome proviſion for him. There are about twelve hundred of the inhabitants that are of this congregation, who have for ſome years had the benfit of the organ: and though it looked

looked and sounded strange to the Quakers at first, yet they are now so far reconciled to it as to bear with their neighbours having it without grumbling. Here are, besides this, several meeting houses, viz. for Quakers, who are properly the church, as by law established, being the originals, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, and a Spanish church.

There is, in each quarter of the city, a square of eight acres, intended for the same uses as was Moorfields in London—walks and exercises for the citizens. The great dock is formed by an inlet of the river Delaware, at the south corner of the front of the wharfs, and has a bridge over it at the entrance: several creeks run into the city out of the two rivers and there is no city in Holland that is so naturally accommodated with fine and commodious canals, as this might very easily be. The quay is beautiful, about 200 feet square, to which a ship of five hundred ton may lay her broadside; and as these surprising advantages have already rendered it one of the best trading towns in the British empire out of Europe, so in all probability it will continue to encrease in commerce, riches, and buildings, till for number and magnificence it will have no equal in America. Here also are almost all sorts of trades and mechanics, as well as merchants and planters. Here the assemblies and courts of judicature are held, and the business of the province is chiefly managed, as in all capitals. Here is a printing house and a gazette weekly published. In short here are all things necessary for an Englishman's profit and pleasure.

Mr. Carew walking through the High-street, had a mind to refresh himself with a nip of punch; the first tavern-house he chanced to fall upon, was kept by an Irishman, and asking him if he sold punch, Yes, my dear honey, replied the man; arrah, says Mr.

Carew, are you my countryman, dear joy? quite in the Iriſh brogue; yes, replies the man, what, do you belong to one of our veſſels? No, I belonged to Captain Dubois of Dublin, who was taken off the Capes, and carried into the Havannah; arrah, dear joy, I know Captain Dubois very well, replies the Iriſhman: Come in. Accordingly in goes Mr. Carew, and the Iriſhman was ſo well pleaſed with his countryman, (for giving a very particular account of many places in Ireland, and counterfeiting the brogue extremely well, he did not ſuſpect him to be any other) that he entertained him very well, and they paſſed the day very merrily together.

The next morning his hoſt takes him out to ſee the city: Mr. Carew did not content himſelf with idly gazing, as moſt of our modern travellers do, but diligently enquired the names of the principal merchants and places, and informed himſelf of all thoſe circumſtances which could be of any ſervice to him. At length ſeeing a very fine houſe, he enquired whoſe it was, and being told Proprietor Penn's, who was juſt come from England with his brother-in-law, captain Frame, he takes leave of his hoſt, telling him that he had a little buſineſs to tranſact, and would be at home preſently, for that he ſhould be able to find the way back without his ſtaying for him. Having thus got rid of the Iriſhman, he claps his right arm into his coat as if he had loſt the uſe of it: and then going up to the proprietor's, knocks at the door, which was opened to him by a Negro, with a ſilver collar round his neck; he enquired if the proprietor lived there, and if he was at home? Being told he was, pray tell him, ſays he, that a poor man deſires the favor of ſpeaking with him. The negro then bid him come into the court: ſoon after, out came the proprietor very plainly dreſſed, and his brother, Captain Frame, in his regimentals: The proprietor came

up to him, enquiring who he was, and what he wanted with him; he replied, he was a poor unfortunate man, who craved his honour's charitable aſſiſtance; that his name was John Dawkins, of the city of Exeter, and belonged to Captain Davis's ſhip of the ſame place, who was taken near the Capes. Captain Frame, ſeeing him a luſty tall fellow, preſently cried out, Revenge! revenge! my brave boy, you ſhall go along with me and fight the dogs; Mr. Carew replied with a ſigh, that he ſhould be glad to do that, but that it was his misfortune, by the ſeverities and hardſhips in priſon, to have loſt the uſe of his right arm by the dead palſey. This moved their compaſſion ſo much, that each of them gave a guinea, the proprietor telling him he would take care to ſend him home with Captain Read, who would ſail very ſoon; then aſking if he had been at the governor's, and he replying in the negative, the proprietor told him he ſhould go there, for he was a very goodnatured man, and would aſſiſt him, then calling to his black, bid him ſhew the poor man to the Governor's. As they were going along, he informed himſelf of the black what countryman the Governor was, and being told a Welſhman, and his name Thomas, took care to make his advantage of it. When he came to the governor's, and enquired for him, he was told he was walking in the garden; while he was waiting for his coming out, in came the proprietor and his brother, and going into the garden. they repreſented his caſe to the Governor, who coming in, enquired where he was born, &c. He told him, as he had before done the proprietor, and added, that he had married Betty Larkey, Parſon Griffy's maid, of Wales, and the Parſon had a ſon at Biſhop's Nympton, in Devon, the governor replied, he knew the Parſon very well, and likewiſe Betty Larkey; and after he had aſked him ſome queſtions about them, which Mr. Carew anſwered

ſwered very readily, he gave him two guineas. In this manner did he apply to moſt of the principal merchants of Philadelphia, always ſuiting ſome circumſtances of his ſtory, in particular to the perſon he applied to; which he did by diligently enquiring what places they came from in England, who were their friends and acquaintance, and the like, which he knew how to ſuit moſt to his purpoſe.

Captain Read being now ready to ſail, and Mr. Carew having a curioſity of ſeeing more of the country, thought proper to leave Philadelphia without taking leave of any of his good friends there. From hence he goes into Buckingham County, where he enquired for one George Boon, a Juſtice of the peace in that county, who formerly lived at Bradninch in Devon, his father being a weaver there. Here he went by his own name, telling him he had been taken priſoner and carried into the Havannah, where he had lain many months. The Juſtice having known his father very well, entertained him generouſly, ſhewed him the country, and gave him three guineas at his departure, to help to pay his paſſage.

From hence he went to Burlington, the firſt town in Weſt New-Jerſey, which containd many families and had an anſwerable number of acres laid out for plantations. The houſes were well built, and almoſt all of brick. The market afforded plenty of all ſorts of proviſions, which was as good here as any where in America.

From thence to Perth Amboy, ſo called in honour to the Duke of Perth. It is at the mouth of the river Raritan, which runs into Sandyhook Bay, and is able to contain five hundred ſhips.

From thence over a ferry into a town called Trent-Town, in Staten-Iſland, and from thence over Brunſwick Ferry, to Eaſt-Jerſey, where he found out one Mr. Matthews, a miller, who formerly lived at White-church

Whitechurch, near Lyme in Dorſet, and making uſe of his old ſtory of having been taken, was received by Mr. Matthews with great hoſpitality; he kept him three days in his houſe, and would have entertained him ſtill longer. At his departure he gave him a guinea, with ſeveral letters of recommendation, and ſent letters by him to his friends in England, ſending his ſervant with him as far as Elizabeth Town, which is three miles within a creek oppoſite to the weſt of Staten Iſland. Here the firſt Engliſh ſettlement was made, and if any place in the Jerſeys may be ſaid to have thrived, it is this; for notwithſtanding the endeavours of the proprietors to make a capital of Perth by calling it a city, Elizabeth Town has near ſix times the number of inhabitants. Here he met with one Mr. Nicholas, a Corniſh man, who gave him a ten ſhilling bill, and recommended him to one Mr. Anderſon, in Long Iſland, ſometimes called Naſſau Iſland ſtretching from Fairfield County, in a fine ſpot of ground, one hundred and fifty miles in length, and twelve in breadth. Here he changed his religion, and turned Preſbyterian, moſt of the inhabitants being of that denomination; travelled quite through the Iſland, and then croſſed over a ferry into Block Iſland, from whence there are great quantities of timber tranſported to Boſton.

Soon after croſſing another ferry, he came into New York, which is a very fine city.

CHAP. VII.

Obtains charity eaſily in New York—paſſes on to New London—affects to have the ſmall pox, and thereby ſaves himſelf from being preſſed.

HERE he was ſurpriſed at the ſight of a great number of gibbets, with blacks hanging upon

them; but upon enquiring, he found the negroes had not long before entered into a conſpiracy of burning the whole city, but the plot being timely diſcovered, great numbers were executed, and hung up to terrify the others. His firſt care here was to enquire the names, circumſtances, family, and countries, of the principal inhabitants of the city; amongſt the reſt he enquired out captain Luſh, who was formerly of Carmouth, by Lyme, in Dorſetſhire, to whom he had recommendatory letters from Mr. Matthews, of Eaſt Jerſey. He was received very hoſpitably by captain Luſh, who likewiſe gave him two ſhirts, and informed him, there was no ſhip ready to ſail for England there, but that he would find one at New London. Having found there was one Mr. Lucas, formerly of Taunton, in Somerſetſhire, in New York and judging he was brother of Mr. Lucas, of Bampton, in Devon, whom he knew very well, he goes boldly to his houſe, which was in the fifth ſhambles, and knocking at the door, it was opened to him by a negro; he enquired if Mr. Lucas was at home, and before the negro could give him an anſwer, out came Mr. Lucas with a little boy, and enquired what he wanted: he replied he was an Engliſhman born in Devonſhire, who had the misfortune to be caſt away in a ſhip behind Long Iſland, and hearing his name was Lucas, had made bold to apply to him for aſſiſtance, as he was very well acquainted with his brother Mr. Lucas of Bampton. Mr. Lucas aſked him if he could tell whom his brother married? He replied Mrs. Mary Triſtram: Do you know Huntſham? Yes, replied he, and Mr. Beer, who firſt courted Mrs. Triſtram: And how many children has my brother? To this likewiſe Mr. Carew anſwered very exactly; and Mr. Lucas being convinced by this of his being no impoſtor, bid him come in, telling him he expected his youngeſt brother there in three weeks

weeks time. He was entertained here very generouſly, and at his departure, Mr. Lucas gave him two guineas.

From thence he goes through Seabrake and Seaford to New London, which is ſituated on a river called the Thames. The firſt branch of which river goes by the name of glaſs river, the next branch by that of Ruſſel's Delight, the third by that of Indian River. This is a ſmall river which falls into the ſea at Mancheſter. The trade of ſhip-building flouriſhes here. Here he enquired if there was none of the name of Davey in that city, and being aſked why? he replied, they were near heirs to a fine eſtate near Crediton in Devon, formerly belonging to Sir John Davey. He was then ſhewn to two ancient ſiſters of Sir John Davey, whoſe ſons were timber men; they aſked him a great many queſtions about the family, and he told them, Sir John Davey was dead, and his eldeſt ſon alſo, who had left two ſons; that the youngeſt brother, Humphrey Davey, was then living at Creedy Houſe, and the little boys ſome where about Exeter. They then gave him two letters to give to Mr. Humyhrey Davey; after which each gave him a guinea, with recommendations to one Juſtice Miller, and captain Rogers, who was bound for England. Juſtice Miller received him very kindly, and ſent his ſervant with him to captain Rogers, with whom he agreed to take the run to England for ten gallons of rum, ten pounds of ſugar, ten pounds of tobacco, and ten pipes.

Captain Rogers having taken in his loading, which conſiſted of rice, tobacco, and pipe ſtaves, ſet ſail with a fair wind from New London, and run to Lundy in a month and three days; nothing happened material on their voyage, and the ſailors paſſed this time very joyfully, having ſo favourable a gale; but our hero, who knew that fortune, like a common jilt

often

often puts on the faireſt ſmiles when ſhe is about to diſcard you, thought it prudent to provide againſt her ſlippery tricks as much as lay in his power; he therefore pricked his arms and breaſt with a needle, and then rubbed it with bay ſalt and gunpowder, which made it appear like the ſmall pox coming out; in the night time he groaned very diſmally, till at length the captain called to him to know the reaſon of his groaning ſo in his ſleep. Alas! Sir, replied he, I have been dreaming my poor wife was dead, and that ſhe died in the ſmall pox. Be of good cheer, man, ſays the captain, dreams are but fables: and for your comfort I believe we ſhall quickly make land; however they did not do this ſo ſoon as the captain expected, for towards the next evening the wind ſpringing up a freſh gale, the captain ordered to ſtand out to ſea again: during all the day Mr. Carew did not ſtir out of his hammock, pretending to be very ill. Towards the morning the wind was ſomewhat laid, and they ſtood in before it; but it being very hazy weather, the captain ordered a good look out, crying, my brave boys, take care we don't fall foul of ſome ſhip, for we are now in the channel; the men replied. all is well. The morning was come, the captain called out again, How goes the glaſs, my brave boys? Eight glaſſes are juſt run, replied the men: then look out ſharp for land. Soon after the cabin-boy hollows out, Land! land! The captain runs nimbly to ſee if it was ſo, ſaying, I am afraid we are embay'd. No, replies the mate, I will be found for it it is Lundy Iſland. The captain run up immediately to the main-top-maſt-head, to look out for other lands to the right and left, and found it to be indeed Lundy-Iſland: upon which ſeveral ſailors ran up the rigging; and among the reſt, Mr. Carew creeps out with nothing but a blanket upon his ſhoulders, and makes an attempt to run up the rigging, which the captain ſeeing, haſtily

cries out, Where is old John going? Take care of the old man, he is light-headed; upon which ſome of the ſailors took him down, and carried him back to his hammock. They then crouded all the ſail they could for Lundy; when they came near they perceived ſeveral ſhips lying at anchor there, and made a ſignal for a pilot; ſoon after comes up a pilot of Clovelly, who was then upon the Iſland, waiting to pilot ſhips up to Briſtol. The captain welcomed him on board, and agreed for ſeven guineas to be piloted to Briſtol; then the captain aſked him what news, and if any New Englandmen were gone up the channel? He replied, that none had paſſed, but that he could inform him of bad news for his men, which was that the Ruby Man of War, captain Goodyere, lay then in King-Road, and preſſed all the men they could lay hold of. Mr. Carew hearing this immediately comes upon deck, with his blanket upon his ſhoulders, and pretended to vomit over the ſhip's ſide. The pilot obſerving him, aſked the captain what was the matter with the old man; I believe, replies the captain, he has got the ſmall pox? he dreamed the other night that his wife was dead of them, which frightened him ſo much, that I think the ſmall pox is come out upon him: The pilot then ſtepped up to him, and aſked him to let him look upon him, which he complying with, and ſhewing him his arms, the pilot ſwore he had the ſmall pox heavily upon him, and Mr. Carew kept on groaning very mournfully. They then ſailed by Appledore, Biddeford, and Barnſtable, (where Mr. Carew, notwithſtanding his having the ſmall pox ſo heartily, wiſhed himſelf on ſhore, drinking ſome of their fat ale) ſo to the Holmes, and into King-Road early in the morning. He then thought it adviſeable to take a pretty large quantity of warm water into his belly, and quickly after, to their great concern, they ſaw

the Ruby Man of War, lying in the road, with jack, enſign, and pendant hoiſted.

Now were all the ſailors, who had been ſo jovial before, ſtruck with a dreadful panic; but our hero, ſecure of the favour and protection of prudence, was quite eaſy at heart: and now they perceived the man of war's boat making towards them: upon which Mr. Carew grew ſicker and ſicker: the captain ordered the ropes to be flung out for the man of war's boat, and the ſtanchions and red ropes to be got ready for the Lieutenant, as though they had been to receive ſome good viſitor on board: ſuch are the poliſhed arts of the world; for we think we may venture to ſay, both the captain and crew, at the ſame time they were making theſe preparations to receive the Lieutenant, had rather have ſeen him gone to the bottom of the ſea, than come on board their veſſel. At length the man of war's boat came along ſide the ſhip: Mr. Carew goes down into the ſteerage, with his belly full of hot water, and the Lieutenant ſteps on board, Sir, you are welcome on board, ſays the captain. The Lieutenant enquired from whence they came, and what paſſage? the captain replied from Boſton, in a month and four days; and then aſked him to walk aft and take a dram of rum; but before he did ſo, the Lieutenant aſked how many hands there were on board? The captain anſwered he had only fifteen, for men were very ſcarce. Of what burden is your ſhip? 250 tons. I muſt have your hands, Sir ſaid the Lieutenant, come in, barge crew, and do your duty. No ſooner were the words ſpoken, than the crew leaped upon the deck, and the Lieutenant ordered all the ſhip's company aft, ſaying he wanted to talk with them. He then accoſted them with an oratorial harangue: "Gentlemen ſailors (ſaid he) I make no doubt but you are willing to enter voluntarily, and not as preſſed men: if you go like brave men, freely, when you come

come round to Plymouth and Portſmouth, and go on board your reſpective ſhips, you will have your bounty money, and liberty to go on ſhore and kiſs your land ladies." Though this oration was pronounced with as much ſelf-applauſe as Cicero felt, when, by the force of his eloquence, he made Cæſar, the maſter of the world, to tremble; or as the vehement Demoſthenes, when he uſed to thunder againſt King Philip; yet we are not quite certain whether it was the power of eloquence alone that perſuaded the men to enter voluntarily; or, whether being ſeated between the rocks of Scilla and Charibdis, it was indifferent to them which they daſhed upon: however this was, all but one of the men entered, (though with ſad hearts) without being preſſed: which we make no doubt the Lieutenant attributed to the eloquence of his oration.

The Lieutenant obſerving a ſtout fellow in a frock and trowſers, who did not come aft with the other men, aſked the captain who he was? the captain replied, he was an Indian, and a brave ſailor, and called to him by his name. Wat ye want wit mee, replied the Indian, mee won't come, damme. Upon which the Lieutenant ſent ſome of the barge crew to bring him forwards, which the brave Indian perceiving, caught hold of a handſpike, and put himſelf in a poſture of defence, crying out to the barge crew that came up towards him, damme, ye meddle wit mee, mee daſh your brains out. The crew finding him reſolute, did not think proper to attack him: upon which the Lieutenant aſked him, if he would ſerve King George: King George, me know no King George, mee be an Indian, mee have a King in my own country, whom me lovee and fightee for, becauſe he be de very good King: at which the Lieutenant and Captain fell a laughing and left him.

Are theſe all your men? ſays the Lieutenant; yes,

replied the captain, except one old man, who dreamed the other night that his wife died in the ſmall pox, and was ſo much frightened that the ſmall pox is come out upon him. The captain then ordered the bills to be made for what was due to the men, and aſked the Lieutenant in the mean while to walk down and taſte his rum. Accordingly down comes the Lieutenant, humming a tune; Mr. Carew hearing this, prepared himſelf, and taking an opportunity of putting his finger down his throat, diſcharges his ſtomach juſt under the Lieutenant's ſeat, crying out in a moſt lamentable tone at the ſame time, O, my head! O, my back! What, cries the Lieutenant very haſtily, is this the fellow who has the ſmall pox! No, no; replies he, I have had the ſmall pox many years ago, and have been with Sir Cha. Wager and Sir George Walton up the Baltic, and do, for God's ſake, take me in your ſhip noble captain, for I only want to be blooded. The Lieutenant whips in a quid, and blows it to his noſe, ſwearing, he would not take him on board for five hundred pounds, for he was enough to infect a whole ſhip's crew; that the devil ſhould take him before he would; hurrying at the ſame time as faſt as he could into the great cabin. When he came there Mr. Carew heard him complaining how unfortunate it was that he ſhould come on board them, as he never had the ſmall pox himſelf. When the reſt of the men had had their bills made out, the captain, willing to get rid of Mr. Carew, ſaid to him, come old John, I will have your bill made too; which was accordingly done, and amounted to ſeven pounds ten ſhillings, for which the captain gave him a draught on merchant Lidiate in Briſtol. The captain then ordered the boat to ſet him on ſhore, he beſeeched the captain to let him die on board; no, no, ſays the captain by all means take him on ſhore, ay, ay, ſays the Lieutenant take him on ſhore. Then the captain called to ſome

of the ſailors, to help the poor old man over the ſide of the ſhip, and out came Mr. Carew, with the blanket wrapped about his ſhoulders, and ſo well did he counterfeit, that he ſeemed a moſt deplorable object of compaſſion. The boat being got a little diſtance from the ſhip, was called back again, and the Lieutenant toſſed him half a guinea, charging him not to go into the city of Briſtol, for that he was enough to infect the whole city.

Thus our hero, after ſeeing many cities and men, undergoing great hardſhips, and encountering many dangers and difficulties, once more ſet his foot on his beloved country. Notwithſtanding the joy he felt at being ſafe on ſhore, he did not lay aſide his ſmall pox, but travels on towards Briſtol, as one bad in that diſtemper; coming to juſtice Cann's, near Durham Downs, he meets with the gardener, whom he aſked if the juſtice lived there and was at home? Being told he was, he made a moſt lamentable moan, and ſaid, he was juſt come from New England, and had the ſmall pox on him. The gardener goes into the houſe, and ſoon returning, told him the juſtice was not at home; but gave him half a crown; he ſtill kept crying I am a dying man, and I beſeech you let me lie and die in ſome hay-tallet, or any place of ſhelter. The gardener ſeeing him ſo ill, goes in again, and brings out a cordial dram, and a mug of warm ale, which Mr. Carew made ſhift to ſwallow. The gardener then left him, being ſo much affrighted at his appearance and lamentable moan, that he let both glaſs and mug fall to the ground before he reached the houſe. Mr. Carew then made ſhift, notwithſtanding his dying condition, to reach the city of Briſtol; and being now freed from his apprehenſions of being preſſed, at the firſt barber's he came to, he got rid of his beard, and bid adieu to the ſmall pox; then makes the beſt of his way to Mendicant's Hall, on Mile Hill; juſt as he

came there, the landlady, and an old croney, a tinker's wife, were ſtanding at the door: as ſoon as the landlady eſpied him, ſhe clapped her hands and ſwore it was either Mr. Carew or his ghoſt; as ſoon as they were convinced he was fleſh and blood, great were the kiſſes, hugs and embraces of theſe three. Our hero's firſt enquiry was, when they had ſeen his dear Polly, meaning his wife; the landlady told him ſhe had not ſeen her lately, but had heard both ſhe and his daughter were well; but that his wife never expected to ſee him more.

Mr. Carew ſoon called for a room above ſtairs, ordered an elegant dinner to be provided, and paſſed the afternoon very merrily; the next morning he waited on the merchant with his bill, and received the money for it, and ſteered for Bridgewater, where he arrived juſt at night: he immediately repaired to a mumper's houſe, kept by a one-eyed old woman, named Laſkey: from whence he goes to the Swan, where were ſeveral gentlemen paſſing the evening together, viz. Mr. Moore, Dr. Dipford, Counſellor Bedford, and others, all of whom were particularly acquainted with him; however, he pretended to be a Weſt Indian, who had been caſt away in a ſhip coming from Antigua, which foundered behind Cape Clear; that he was taken by an Iriſhman, and afterwards put on board a Briſtol ſhip. Having by this ſtory raiſed a conſiderable contribution from the gentlemen, he diſcovered himſelf, knowing them to be his very good friends; but the gentlemen could ſcarcely credit him, till he gave them ſufficient proofs of his being the real Bampfylde-Moore Carew.

The next morning he goes to Sir John Tynte, and makes the ſame complaint he had done the night before at the Swan in Bridgewater; the ſervant telling him Sir John would come forth ſoon, he waited till he did ſo, and then diſcovered himſelf; Sir John would

would not believe him, but at laſt made him a preſent. He afterwards viſited Juſtice Croſſe, of Bromfylde, who preſently knew him, and made him very welcome; from whence ſetting out for Exeter, he viſited on the road Mr. John Bamptylde of Heſticomb, the Rev. Mr. Boſwell. and Dr. Hildyard, of Taunton, the Rev. Mr. Maniſee, Squire Bluet, of Melcombe Regis, the Rev. Mr. Newt, of Tiverton, Squire Blundel, and Major Worth, in the neighbourhood of that place, who being all his particular friends, were very glad to ſee him return, and treated him very handſomely. Major Worth took him a hunting with him: but he ſoon took an opportunity of ſlipping away, and directed his ſteps to his own pariſh of Bickley. Here he happened to meet Lady Carew; but ſo great was his reſpect for her, that he who uſed to attempt every thing, had not courage to accoſt this lady, therefore turned off to a place called Codbury, the ſeat of Mr. Furſdon; as ſoon as he came there he was known by Mr Furſdon's ſiſter, who told him he ſhould not ſtir thence till her brother came home; ſoon after Mr. Furſdon returned, and brought with him one Mr. Land of Silverton; he was very much ſurpriſed to ſee him, and treated him very generouſly, making him a very handſome preſent, as did alſo Mr. Land: he abode there that night, went a hunting with Mr. Furſdon the next day, and likewiſe to ſee Mr. Bamptylde Rhode, at Stoke, who would not believe Mr. Carew had been in America, but treated him handſomely, and made him a preſent at his departure. He next comes into Exeter, the place he had ſaile. from to Maryland, and going into St. Peter's churchyard, ſees Sir Henry Northcote, Dr. Andrews, and two other gentlemen, who were walking there; He accoſted them with a "God bleſs you Sir Harry, Dr. Andrews, and the reſt of the company." Sir Harry ſtaring very wiſhfully at him, cried, are you fleſh and blood?

blood? why, you can never have been in America. Dr. Andrews then aſked if it was Carew? and the report being ſpread that he was in Exeter, drew a number to ſee him; and amongſt the reſt Merchant Davey himſelf, who aſked him in a very great hurry, if the ſhip was caſt away? no, no, ſays he, I have been in America, have had the honour to ſee your factor, Mr. Mean, and ſaw Griffiths ſold for a thouſand weight of tobacco; did not I tell you that I would be at home before Captain Froade? he then gave an account of ſeveral particulars, which convinced the gentlemen he had really been in America. Mr. Davey aſked him if he had been ſold before he ran away; and he replying he had not, the merchant told him jeeringly that he was his ſervant ſtill, that he ſhould charge him five pounds for his paſſage, and five pounds for coſts and charges, beſides Captain Froade's bill. He next enquired where he had left Captain Froade? Mr. Carew told him he had left him in Miles's river. The gentlemen then gave him money, as did likewiſe Merchant Davey.

Two months after this came home Captain Froade, laden with tobacco; as ſoon as he came to an anchor ſeveral gentlemen of Exeter going on board him, enquired what paſſage? and where he left Mr. Carew? Damn him, replied the captain, you will never ſee him again; he ran away, was taken, put in New Town gaol, brought back again and whipped, had a pot hook put upon him, ran away with it on his neck, and has never been heard of ſince; ſo that without doubt he muſt be either killed by ſome wild beaſt, or drowned in ſome river. At which the gentlemen fell a laughing, telling the captain, he had been at home two months before him. Captain Froade ſwore it could never be; however they confirmed it to him that it was ſo.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Visits Sir William Courtenay—Passes for a Catholic at New-house—disguises himself in women's cloaths—turns mad—meets with Lord Weymouth in the character of a beggar—they both beg together.

SOON after this Mr. Carew went and paid his respects to Sir William Courtenay, returning him many thanks for what he had furnished him with, when he sailed for Maryland; adding, he had been as good as his word in coming home before captain Froade. Sir William told him he thought he had, and then called to his butler to give him something to drink. In a little time Sir William comes to him again, with his brother Mr. Henry Courtenay, who conducted him into a noble parlour, where there was a great company of fine Ladies sitting, whom our hero accosted with all that respect which is ever due to beauty and merit. Sir William then asked him jocosely, if he could find out which was his dove? he replied, he knew some of the ladies there, and that unless his judgment deceived him, such a lady (singling out one of them) was the happy person. You are right, replied Sir William, this is indeed my dove, and turtle dove. Sir William then put a piece of money in his hat, as did Mr. Courtenay, and bid him go round to the ladies, which he did; addressing them in a very handsome manner, and, we need not add, gathered a very plentiful harvest, as the fair sex are, in general, so much inclined to humanity and good-nature. Sir William asked him if he would not drink to the ladies health? and filled him up a bumper of excellent wine; he then took his leave of this truly

truly noble and hoſpitable gentleman.—Such were the ſcenes within thy walls, (ſuch thy maſter, happy Powderham*.

From hence our hero goes to Squire Bell's of Mamhead; in the way he meets with Mr. Jackſon, his ſteward, who was lame with the gout; he preſently knew Mr. Carew, gave him half a crown, and told him he would hop back on his crutches to give him ſomething to drink. While they were drinking a glaſs, the ſteward adviſed him to make application to the 'ſquire. Preſently after, out he comes, and Mr. Carew ſoon began his attack upon him: pray who are you, ſays the Juſtice? I am a poor unfortunate Weſt Indian, replies he, who have been ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of Ireland, and was taken up by a Briſtol ſhip. Ay, ay, you are one of Carew's gang I ſuppoſe, ſays the Juſtice, but he is tranſported. Bleſs your honour, ſays he, I am no impoſtor, I have heard Carew was a very great one, and I think deſerved more than tranſportation. Well, well, there's a ſhilling for you, ſays the Juſtice, and go about your buſineſs.

From hence he ſteers towards Mr. Oxennam's at New-houſe; when he came near the houſe, he pulls off his ſhirt and gives it to an old man he met, as though he had been amazed: then marches up to the houſe, and juſt at the ſtable door meets Mrs. Oxenham and another lady, whom he immediately accoſted with a doleful complaint of being a poor ſhipwrecked mariner. Mr. Oxenham told him ſhe ſhould have taken him for Bamptylde Moore Carew, but that ſhe knew he was tranſported: he was not diſconcerted at this, but readily told her with great compoſure, that his name was Thomas Jones, belonging to

* The ſeat of Sir William Courtenay, near Exon.

to Bridport in Dorſetſhire. The ladies gave him each a ſhilling, and then bid him go into the houſe, where he had victuals ſet before him: before he went away, the lady ſent him a holland ſhirt: being thus equipped, he enquires out the churchwardens of the pariſh, and by the ſame ſtory gets a crown of them. From hence he goes to Lord Clifford's at [illegible]ggbroke, in the pariſh of Chudleigh: here he ſends in a petition to my lord, as a Roman Catholic, and received a guinea, lay that night at Sandy-gate, and behaved as a Roman Catholic under the name of William Paſſmore.

The next day, at Moll Upton's, in Newton Buſhel, he met with one of the ſiſters of that order of mendicants commonly called Couſin Betties, and he having an inclination to pay a viſit to Sir Thomas Carew's at Hackum, ſoon made an agreement with the Couſin Betty to exchange habits, for that day. The barber was then called in to make his beard as ſmooth as his art and razor could make it, and his hair was dreſſed up with ribbands: thus metamorphoſed our hero ſet out having a little wand in his hand, and a little dog under his arm: being come to Sir Thomas Carew's, he ruſhes into the houſe without ceremony, demanded his rent in an imperious tone; none of the men ſervants being in the way, the women ran one way and then another; but he taking notice of this confuſion, continued to act the mad woman, beating his head againſt the wall, kiſſing his dog and demanding his rent: at laſt comes one of the women ſervants, ſaying, Lady you are welcome to your rent, and gave him a crown: but he was not to be got rid of ſo eaſily, for now he fell a raving again, and demanded ſome merry-go down, upon which they brought him ſome ale, which he having drank, took his leave, thanking them with a very low courteſy. From thence he continues his progreſs to Parſon Sandford's, of Stoke, in Tinney

Tinney, where having entered the houſe with as little ceremony as before, he not only demanded his rent as uſual, but a gown of ſome of his couſins: neither would he take his leave till he had got a ſhilling for his rent, a good gown, and ſome pinners. He next calls upon Parſon Richards, at Coombe, in Tinney, where he got a ſhilling and a new ſhift. Having thus ſucceeded in his new adventure, he returns to his quarters at Mother Upton's, in Newton Buſhel, where he divided the profits of the day with his good couſin Betty, and paſſed the night very merrily with her.

The next day he reſtored his borrowed accoutrements to the couſin Betty, and calling for pen and ink, wrote a petition in the character of a poor unfortunate ſoap-boiler, whoſe houſe was ſet on fire by the careleſſneſs of an apprentice, in the pariſh of Monkſilver, not forgetting to ſign it with the names of ſeveral neighbouring gentlemen: with this fictitious petition he goes to Juſtice Taylor's, at Dembury, where he was handſomely relieved: from hence he goes to Juſtice Neil's, and finding upon enquiry, the Juſtice himſelf was at home, did not venture to deliver his petition, but begged as an unfortunate man, and was relieved with a cup of cyder, and ſome bread and cheeſe. At Darlington he aſſumed the character of a rat catcher, and ſold a receipt to a gentleman's ſteward for a crown: and under this character he travels forward to Plymouth. Here, hearing there was to be a great cock match, he lays aſide his rat catchers habit, and puts on that of a gentleman, and not the habit only, as too many do, but the manners and behaviour likewiſe: in that going to the cock match, he betted ſeveral wagers with Sir Coventry Carew, and his own brother, Mr. Henry Carew, the Miniſter of Saltaſh, which he had the good fortune to win, and left the cock pit undiſcovered by any one. Thus

great is the power of dreſs, that it transforms and metamorphoſes the beggar into a gentlemen, and the cinder wench into a fine lady; therefore let not the little great, (I mean thoſe who have nothing to recommend them but their equipage) pride themſelves as though they had ſomething ſuperior in them to the poor wretch they ſpurn from them with ſo much contempt; for let me tell them, if we are apt to pay them reſpect, they are ſolely indebted for it to the mercer and taylor, for ſtrip them of their gaudy plumes, and we ſhall not be able to diſtinguiſh them from the loweſt order of mumpers. This puts us in mind of a remarkable adventure of our hero's life, and which he always told with a great deal of pleaſure.

One day as he was begging in the town of Maidenbradley, from door to door, as a ſhipwrecked ſeaman, he ſaw on the other ſide of the ſtreet a mendicant brother ſailor, in a habit as forlorn as his own, a begging for God's ſake, juſt like himſelf; who ſeeing Mr. Carew, croſſed over the way and came up to him, and, in the cant language, aſked him where he lay laſt night what road he was going, and ſeveral other queſtions; then whether he would bruſh into a boozing ken and be his thrums; to this he conſented, and away they go; where in the ſeries of their converſation they aſked each other various queſtions concerning the country, the charitable and uncharitable families, the moderate and ſevere Juſtices, the good and queer corporations. This new acquaintance of Mr. Carew's aſked him if he had been at Sir Edward Seymour's? He anſwers, yes, and had received his alms; the ſtranger therefore, not having been there, leaves him at the alehouſe, and goes thither himſelf, where having received the ſame alms that his new companion had, he returned to him again.

The next day they beg the town, one on one side the ſtreet, and the other on the other, each on his own ſeparate ſtory and account; they then proceeded to the houſes of ſeveral gentlemen in the neighbourhood, both in one ſtory, which was that of the ſtranger; among many others they came to Lord Weymouth's, where it was agreed that Mr. Carew ſhould be ſpokeſman; upon their coming up to the houſe, the ſervants bid them be gone, unleſs they could give a good account of themſelves and the countries in which they pretended to have been, for ſhould Lord Weymouth come and detect them in any falſhood, he would horſewhip them without mercy, which was the treatment of all thoſe whom he found to be counterfeits met with from him, and he had detected great numbers of them, having been abroad himſelf; our travellers, however, were not in the leaſt daunted thereat, Mr. Carew being conſcious to himſelf that he could give a ſatisfactory account of Newfoundland, and the other confidently affirming that he had been at Rome, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, &c. and could give as good a deſcription of thoſe countries as his lordſhip himſelf. Therefore up they went to the kitchen door, and Mr. Carew broke the ice, telling the deplorable ſtory of their misfortune in his uſual lamentable tone, the houſe-keeper at firſt turned a deaf ear to their ſupplication and entreaty; but Mr. Carew, at the inſtigation of his companion, redoubled his importunity, kneeling on one knee, and making uſe of all the methods of exciting charity of which he was capable; ſo that at length the houſe-keeper gave them the greateſt part of a cold ſhoulder of mutton, half a fine wheaten loaf, and a ſhilling, but did it with great haſte and fear, leſt my lord ſhould ſee her and be angry thereat. Of the Butler they got a copper of good ale, and then both expreſſing their thankfulneſs, departed; having

got at some distance from the house, there arose a dispute who should carry the victuals, both being loth to incumber themselves with it, as having neither wife nor child near to give it to; Carew was for throwing it into the hedge, but the other urged it was both a sin and a shame to waste good victuals in that manner; so they both agreed to go to the Green Man, about a mile from my Lord's, and there exchange it for liquor. At this ale-house they tarried for some time, and snacked the argot; then after a parting glass, each went his separate way.

The reader cannot but be surprised, when we assure him that this mendicant companion of his was no less a person than my Lord Weymouth himself. who, being desirous of sounding the tempers and dispositions of the gentlemen and other inhabitants of the neighbourhood, put himself into a habit so vastly beneath his birth and fortune, in order to obtain that discovery; nor was this the first time that this great nobleman had metamorphosed himself into the despicable shape and character of a beggar, as several of that neighbourhood can testify; but when he went abroad into the world in this disguise he took especial care to conceal it even from his own family, one servant only, in whose secrecy he greatly confided being entrusted therewith; and this was his valet dechambre, who used to dress, shave, and perform other such offices relating to his Lordship's person.

Mr. Carew and his noble companion having thus parted from each other, he took his way into the woodlands, towards Frome; and the disguised Lord by a private way through his park and gardens, returned to his own house, and there divesting himself of his rags, put on his embroidered apparel, and reassumed the dignity and state to which both his birth and fortune entitled him. I am informed, said his Lordship, that two sailors have been at my house

and enquiring which way they went, he ordered two men and horſes to go after them, with a ſtrict charge to bring them back to his houſe, for he heard they were impoſtors; and if he found them ſuch, he would treat them accordingly. The ſervants obeyed his commands without the leaſt ſuſpicion of the intricacy of the affair, and ſoon came up with Mr. Carew, whom they forcibly brought back to my Lord: my Lord accoſted him in a very rough, ſtern manner, aſks where the other fellow was, and told him he would be made to find him. Mr Carew in the mean time ſtood thunderſtruck, expecting nothing leſs than commitment to priſon; but upon examination, made out his ſtory as well as he could.

After having thus terrified and threatened him for a conſiderable time, away goes his Lordſhip, and diveſting himſelf of his habit and character of a nobleman, again puts on his rags, and is by his truſty valet de chambre uſhered into the room where his brother beggar ſtood ſweating for fear; they confer notes together, whiſpering to each other what to ſay in order that their accounts might agree when examined apart, as in effect they were; the ſteward took Mr. Carew aſide into a private chamber, and there pretending that the other fellows relation contradicting his, proved them both to be counterfeits, a priſon muſt be the portion of both? and indeed nothing was omitted that might ſtrike Mr. Carew with the greateſt terror and confuſion. By this time my Lord having thrown off his rags, and put on his fine apparel, Mr. Carew was again brought into his preſence to receive his final ſentence; when my lord having ſufficiently diverted himſelf with the fear and conſternation of his brother mumper, diſcovered himſelf to him.

We might have mentioned before, that while my Lord and Mr. Carew travelled together, they aſked each

each other whence they came and what their names were: Mr. Carew ingenuouſly confeſſed his, but my Lord diſguiſed both his name and country; ſo that having accidentally met with a mendicant of the greateſt note in England, his Lordſhip thought fit to treat him in the manner aforeſaid, which he would not have done to every common vagrant; however to ſatisfy himſelf that this was the famous and true Bampfylde-Moore Carew, (for many impoſtors had uſurped his name) he ſends for captain Atkins, a gentleman of his acquaintance in the neighbourhood, who went to ſchool with Mr. Carew at Tiverton; this gentleman was very glad to ſee his old ſchool-fellow, and aſſured his Lordſhip 'twas really Bampfylde-Moore Carew: upon which his Lordſhip very nobly entertained him at his houſe for the ſpace of three days, and gave him an excellent good ſuit of clothes, and ten guineas; but remembering the trouble they had, and the loſs they were at to diſpoſe of the ſhoulder of mutton and bread which his houſekeeper had given them, as likewiſe the reſolution Mr. Carew had once taken to throw it away, he called to his houſekeeper, and ſtrictly charged her never to give away a morſel of victuals more, but beſtow the alms in money only, as rightly judging that to be more acceptable and ſerviceable to beggars than the beſt of proviſions, the greateſt part of which they either waſte, give away, or exchange for an inconſiderable quantity of drink, as my Lord and Mr. Carew had done. His Lordſhip took Mr. Carew to Weſtminſter horſe race, and there recommended him to many honourable gentlemen, who were very liberal to him. He ſeveral times after made bold to call upon his Lordſhip in his rounds, and at every viſit received a guinea and an hearty welcome at his houſe; my Lord would frequently make himſelf merry with the paſſage, and jocoſely

ſay, that he was more expert in the ſcience of mumping than even Mr. Carew himſelf.

CHAP. IX.

Diſguiſes himſelf as a match and rag merchant—Lodges in a haunted houſe, plays the Ghoſt in a Church-yard —Borrows a Child, and paſſes for its mother.

NOT long after this, Mr. Carew comes to Biddeford again, (where he had been ſome time before) and delivered the compaſs to captain Harvey's wife, who immediately burſt into tears upon ſeeing it, ſuppoſing her huſband was dead; and then goes to the Dolphin, where as he was drinking, he ſees ſome gentlemen in the Butcher-Row, and aſks the landlord who they were; being told they were the captains Harvey, Hopkins, and Burd, go, ſays he, and give my duty, and tell them Mr. Bamyfylde-Moore Carew is at your houſe. The landlord goes accordingly, and ſoon returned with the captains, who were glad to ſee our hero, who returned them many thanks for the favours he had received from them in America. The captains aſked him a great many queſtions about his travels through the Indians country, &c. and told him, they never thought he would have gone thro' that dangerous undertaking, but expected to have ſeen him return back again. He then gave them an account of every thing to their ſatisfaction, telling them, he had followed their directions, in every point. They afterwards treated him very handſomely, and made a collection for him. The captains then going out, and reporting that he

Was

was in town, drew a great concourſe of people to ſee him, to the no little profit of the landlord; for our hero had ordered no one ſhould be admitted to ſee him till they had firſt drank a quart of ale in the houſe.

Some time after this, he diſguiſed himſelf like a poor miſerable decrepid old man, and falls to ſelling of matches and gathering of old rags; and happening to meet with a brother ragman at Wiveliſcombe, they joined company, and agreed to travel to Porlock together: juſt as they came to Gutter Hall, night coming on a pace, they propoſed taking up their quarters there: but the landlord told them, he had no lodging to ſpare, but if they would go half a mile farther, and lie in a haunted houſe, they ſhould have their lodgings free coſt, and good bread, cheeſe and cyder, with a raſher of bacon into the bargain. The ragman very readily accepted this offer: and away go they, accompanied by the landlord, to Farmer Liddon's houſe; when they come there the landlord told the farmer, he had brought two men who would lie in the haunted houſe. The farmer received them very gladly, and aſked them, if they were ſure they had courage enough to do it? adding he would give them twenty ſhillings if they could lay the old woman. Never fear, farmer, replies Mr. Carew; we have not only courage to ſpeak to, but learning enough to lay the old woman, ſo that you ſhall never hear of her more. Things being thus agreed on, the farmer's ſon, a great ſtout fellow, willing to ſhew his courage, in a very bold manner offered to keep them company. Having provided themſelves with firing, cyder, bread, cheeſe, and bacon, away they adjourn to the haunted houſe, but not before Mr. Carew had taken an opportunity of going out into the yard, and filled his pockets with large ſtones: when they came to the haunted houſe, they made a good

good fire and he and his companion ſat down, eating and drinking very merrily; but the farmer's ſon beginning to have ſome little terrors about him, had but little ſtomach to eat. About the middle of the night, when every thing is moſt ſilent and ſolemn, at that time when almoſt every whiſper of the wind is apt to create fear, Mr. Carew took an opportunity of throwing a ſtone unſeen, up the ſtairs, which coming rumbling down again with a frightful noiſe, might have at that time, ſtruck a panic into the moſt courageous heart. The farmer's ſon turned pale, and leaped from his chair, in a great fright, believing no leſs than the old woman was making her entrance: but nothing appearing, the ſame awful ſilence and ſtillneſs as before took place: only fear ſtaid behind in the farmer's breaſt, and Mr. Carew and his companion kept mute, as though in expectation of what would follow; but ſoon this ſolemn ſilence was diſturbed by a loud thump at the door; again the farmer leaps from his ſeat, crying out, O Lord! ſave and deliver us. At the ſame time, unable to command thoſe paſſages at which fear is apt to iſſue out, he cauſed a ſmell, almoſt as bad as Satan himſelf is ſaid to bring along with him. Mr. Carew caught him in his arms, and holding his head cloſe to his breaſt, cries, don't be afraid Mr. Liddon, for I will make the old woman to fly; at the ſame time pretending to conjure her, he repeated three times very ſolemnly, *Hight ſpiritto diabolico rubro oceano*, whilſt his companion goes a little on one ſide, and anſwered in a ſqueaking tone, like Joan Liddon, *Unleſs my will is fulfilled I will tear them in pieces.* Soon after cock-crowing, there was another huge blow at the door; and then they bid the farmer look up, telling him, the old woman was gone; however he would not let go of Mr. Carew. Juſt as daylight appeared, his companion goes forth and picks up

up the ſtones from the ſtairs, entry, &c. He had ſcarce done this, before the old farmer came down to ſee if his ſon was alive, and if they had ſeen old Joan; he accoſted them with, How do you do? How have you ſpent the night? O father replied the ſon, moſt terribly indeed: you can't conceive what rattlings and noiſes we heard; but this good man ſecured me in his arms; but what ſtink is this, replied the father; ſure old Joan ſtinks of brimſtone, or ſomething worſe, if ſhe brought this along with her. Ay, father! father! ſays the ſon, I believe you would have raiſed as bad a ſtink as I have done, if you had been here. Well, well, ſays the father, perhaps I might; but have you ſpoke to old Joan? Yes, indeed, replied Mr. Carew; and what does the old woman ſay? She ſays if her will is not exactly fulfilled as ſhe deſired, ſhe will never leave haunting you; but, if it is, all ſhall be well and quiet. Away then they go to the farmer's houſe, where they were made very welcome, and received the twenty ſhillings, according to promiſe, the farmer requeſting they would ſtay the next night by themſelves, (for he believed his ſon would have no ſtomach to go with them) and tell the old woman every thing ſhould be fulfilled according to her will, and they ſhould be ſatisfied to their content. They accordingly paſſed the next night there very merrily, and received another twenty ſhillings in the morning; which was well beſtowed too by the farmer, for ever after the houſe had the reputation of being very quiet.

Mr. Carew and his companion then ſet forward for Porlock, where they parted company; and Mr. Carew coming into Porlock, met Dr. Tanner, a relation of old Joan Liddon's, and his brother, parſon Tanner, along with him: after the uſual ſalutations, he very compoſedly aſked, if they had heard

heard the news of the conjuration of old Joan? the Doctor replied, they had heard ſomething of it, and that he was reſolved either to ſend or take a ride over himſelf, to enquire into the truth of it. He confirmed it to them, which occaſioned a great deal of diſcourſe about it, and who thoſe two conjurors ſhould be.

Mr. Carew being in the town of Southmolton, in Devon, and having been ill uſed by a great officer there, vulgarly called the bellman, was reſolved to take a comical revenge. It was about that time reported, and generally believed, that a gentleman of the town, lately buried, walked by night in the church-yard; and as the bellman was obliged, by his nightly duty, to go through it juſt at the hour of one, that well known accuſtomed time of ſpectres iſſuing from their graves, Mr. Carew repaired there a little before the time, and ſtripping to his ſhirt, lay down upon the gentleman's grave; ſoon after, hearing the bellman approach, he raiſed himſelf up with a ſolemn ſlowneſs; which the bellman beholding by the glimmering light of the moon through ſome thick clouds, was harrowed (as Shakeſpeare expreſſes it) with fear and wonder; a cold horror ſhot through every part of his body, and an univerſal palſy ſeized every limb; but as nature moſt commonly dictates flight in all ſuch caſes, he retreated with as much haſte as his ſhaking limbs would allow; but as fear naturally inclines us to look back upon the object we are flying from, he ſeveral times caſt his eye behind him, and beheld the ghoſt follow him with a ſolemn march: this added freſh vigour to his flight, ſo that he ſtumbled over graves and ſtones, not without many bruiſes, and at length dropped his bell, which the ghoſt ſeized upon as a trophy, and forbore any farther purſuit; but the bellman did not ſtop till he reached home, where he obſtinately affirmed he had ſeen the gentleman's

gentleman's ghoſt, who had taken away his bell, which greatly alarmed the whole town; and there were not wanting many who afterwards frequently heard the ghoſt ringing the bell in the church yard.

It was ſome time before the bellman had the courage to re-aſſume his uſual nightly round through the church yard; but after a while, his fear abating, he ventured upon it again, and met with no interruption: but Mr. Carew happening about a year afterwards to be in Southmolton again, was afreſh inſulted by the bellman, which made him reſolve to give him a ſecond meeting in the church yard; taking therefore the opportuuity of a very dark night, he dreſſed himſelf in a black gown, put a great fur cap on his head, and at the uſual time of the bellman's coming, repaired to the church yard, holding at his mouth, by the middle, a ſtick lighted at both ends, at the ſame time rattling a heavy iron chain. If the bellman's terror before was great, it was now much greater; and indeed the appearance, joined to the rattling of the chain, was ſo hideous, that the boldeſt ſoldier might have been terrified by it, without any imputation of cowardice. The bellman fled away with all the wings of fear, the ſpectre following him at a diſtance, rattling the chain with a moſt hideous noiſe; ſo that the bellman concluded himſelf to be haunted by the devil, and declined ever after his nocturnal employment.

About this time Mr. Carew met Mr. Phillips, a celebrated limner in Porlock, who ſhewed him a great many pictures, and aſked him if he knew any of them? He pointed out his old ſchool fellow, Edward Dyke's, Eſq. and Sir Thomas Carew's. Mr. Phillips then aſked him, if he would ſit for his picture; as he had been deſired to draw it by Mr. Coppleſtone Bampfylde; which our hero agreeing to, he

he went the next day, and the following to sit for his picture, undisguised: when it was finished, Mr. Phillips desired him to come again another time in his mumping dress, which he accordingly promised to do.

From hence he goes to Minehead, and calls upon several of his old acquaintance, viz. Dr. Ball, Parson Beer, and the Collector, who all treated him very kindly. Having raised contributions from these gentlemen, he goes to his quarters, and desires them to lend him a pair of trowsers, having a mind to try some of the neighbouring country parishes; which having put on, he goes into the parishes, pretending to be a cast away seaman, 3500 miles from home, and picks up a great deal of money, and seven or eight pounds of bacon, which he brought to his quarters, and gave for the loan of his trowsers.

Some days after he met with an old female acquaintance, who had a young child with her at a place called Embercombe, with whom joining company, they came into Dunster, and lay at private lodgings. The next day, being willing to indulge his companion, he borrowed her child, a gown, and one of her petticoats; and being thus accoutred with the child in his arms, returns to Minehead among the gentlemen he had so lately received contributions from; and here pretending to be an unfortunate woman, whose house had been burnt at Chadleigh, and giving a good account of that place and its inhabitants, to those who asked any questions, coughing very violently, and making the child cry, he got a great deal of money, clothes for the child, and victuals; with which returning to Dunster, he gave the mother of the child the clothes and the greatest part of the money he had got in this trip; neither was the method new to him, for he had long before this taught his own daughter, a little infant,

to

to ſay, Drowned in a boat, ſo often as himſelf or ny other perſon aſked her what was become of her mother or mammy? Having made her perfect in this leſſon he ſet out with her upon his back, and pretended to have been a ſailor on board a veſſel which had been lately loſt on the coaſt of Wales, and moſt of the ſhip's crew and paſſengers drowned, among which, he ſaid, was the mother of the tender infant at his back, and that he had ſaved himſelf and the infant by ſwimming, and by this ſtory he got a great deal of money every where, eſpecially, as by way of confirmation, when he was telling of it, he would turn and aſk the babe, where is your mammy, my dear, my jewel? To which the babe would reply, drowned in the boat: which ſo affected all that heard it, that it not only drew their purſes, but their tears too.

From Dunſter he went through the country to Ildſracombe, where he enquired for a paſſage to Ireland; he was told there was no veſſel going to Ireland, but that he might have a paſſage for Wales, which he ſoon reſolved upon, and after waiting upon the collector and ſome other friends in Ildſracombe, ſet ſail for Swanſey. He had no ſooner landed there, but he goes to the Reverend Mr. Griffy of that place, in the character of a caſt away ſeaman, a native of Devonſhire; and as he gave a particular account of Mr. Griffy's ſon, the miniſter of Biſhop's Nympton he was made very welcome, and handſomely relieved, and, by Mr. Griffy's recommendation, got a great deal of money in the town.

From hence he goes in the ſame character to Lord Manſell's at Cowbridge and other places, and returns to Swanſey; and thence ſets out again, travelling through all the country to Temby, where hearing of one captain Lott, he waits upon him with the ſame ſtory, but with the addition of his name being

John Lott, whereby he ſoon got half a crown and a good welcome. He next ſets out for Carmarthen, and gets a great deal of money from the Welſh gentry, pretending now to be an unfortunate ſailor belonging to Ireland, who had been caſt away by Portland Race, coming from Bilboa. He proceeded upon the ſame ſtory to Aberyſtwyth and Port Ely, where he chanced to meet with a brother of the mendicant order, to whom he was known; they enquired of each other's ſucceſs, and many other particulars, and agreed to join company for ſome time: Mr. Carew now got a ſier cloth of pitch. which he laid to his arms, with a raw beef ſtake at the top, covered over with white bread and tar, which has the exact appearance of a green wound: they ſtill continued in the ſame ſtory of being caſt away, but added to it, that he had fallen off the rigging, and wounded his arm in that manner: they travelled together with good ſucceſs as far as Shadwell, where they parted company.

Our hero made the beſt of his way to Holy Head, and begging a paſſage on board the packet to Dublin, after a fine paſſage landed at Ring's End, near that city: his firſt enquiry here was for an old acquaintance, and in particular for one Mr. Crab, and my Lord Anneſly, who had been ſchool-fellows with him at Tiverton; he found my Lord Anneſly lived a mile from the town, but did not ſee him the firſt day being gone to Bleſſing Town, as the ſervants told him: accordingly he ſet out for that town the next day, where he found my Lord at a tavern with ſeveral officers; he went and told the tavern-keeper he wanted to ſpeak with my Lord: but as his appearance was none of the beſt, the tavern-keeper did not care to carry this meſſage to my Lord, but aſked what his buſineſs was? Tell him, ſays he, that I am an old ſchool-fellow of his, and want to ſee him

My

My Lord being told this, came out with two gentlemen, and enquired who he was? when our hero telling him, ha! Mr. Carew, ſaid my Lord, is it you, mon? walk in, walk in. What, ſays one of the captains, is this old Carew? the very ſame, replies my Lord. After he had ſat down ſome time, and talked over ſeveral old affairs with my Lord, one of the captains aſked him if he could get him a good pointer? Ay, ay, that he can, replies my Lord, for my ſaul, mon, he and I have ſtole many a dog, and lay in many a hay tallat, in our youthful days. Then turning to Mr. Carew, told him, his fame was ſpread as much in Ireland as in England. It is ſo indeed, replied one of the captains. My Lord then aſked him, how he found him out there? He replied, he had been directed by their old ſchool-fellow, Crab. Well, ſays my Lord, you ſhall go home along with me. He deſired to be excuſed, as he deſigned to go and ſee Lord St. Leiger, who was another of his ſchool-fellows; but my Lord ſwore by his ſaul he ſhould go home along with him, and viſit Lord St. Leiger another time; accordingly a good horſe was provided for him, and they all ſet out for Dublin.

The next day my Lord Anneſly took him to his own houſe. During his abode here, which was about a fortnight, our hero received great civilities from the Iriſh gentry. Lord Anneſly introducing him to all the chief company in the city, as the man they had heard ſo much talk of. One day Mr. Obrien, a gentleman of great fortune, being in company, aſked Mr. Carew, if he had ever been on board the Yarmouth man of war.? He replying that he had been in her up the Baltic: the gentleman aſked, if he remembered a young gentleman about fourteen years of age, very fat, and had a livery ſervant to wait on him? He replying, that he

remembered him very well, and that he was bleſt with as beautiful a face as any youth he ever ſaw; the gentleman aſked if he recollected what became of him? which he anſwered by ſaying, He died at Goſport a day or two before they landed; and that Mr. Price of Pool compoſed a Latin epitaph for him; at which the gentleman could not refrain letting fall ſome tears, it being his own brother he was ſpeaking of. He then aſked, what men of war were with them at that time? all which he gave a very good account of, ſaying, Sir Charles Wager and Rear Admiral Walton commanded; Sir Charles carrying a red flag at the fore-top-maſt-head of the Torbay, and the latter a blue at the mizen of the Cumberland, both eighty gun ſhips. The gentleman replied, he was ſatisfied, for he had given a very faithful account of every thing; then made him a preſent to drink his health when he came to England, for Lord Anneſly ſaid, he would ſupply him whilſt he was in Ireland. A great hunting match being propoſed, Lord Anneſly told them Mr. Carew could make one with the beſt of them at that diverſion; upon which he was deſired to make one of the party; accordingly they ſet out very early next morning, and had fine ſport, he exerting all his abilities, though he was afraid of riding into ſome bog, of which that country is very full; when the chaſe was ended, they all went to Lord Anneſly's to dinner, and the company allowed him to be an excellent ſportſman.

Lord Anneſly afterwards took him to Newry, and many other places, introducing him to all company. At length he deſired liberty to go and ſee his old ſchool-fellow Lord St. Leiger at Donnerail, which Lord Anneſly would not conſent to, unleſs he promiſed to call upon him again in his return; which he promiſing to do, he ſent his ſervant with him as

far as Bleſſing Town: parting with the ſervant here, he travelled to Kilkenny: from hence to Caſhill, (where is a fine ſeat belonging to Lord Mark Ker) Clonmel, and Cahir, where our hero was taken dangerouſly ill. It would be unpardonable not to mention the hoſpitality he was treated with here; his good landlady finding him ſo ill, ſent for the miniſter of the place to come and pray by him, which he accordingly did, and at going away, clapped half a crown into his hand, and ſoon after ſent an apothecary to him who adminiſtered what medicines were proper for him, which had ſo good an effect as to enable him to get upon his legs; however, they would not let him proceed forwards for ſeveral days, leſt he ſhould relapſe; and before he ſet out, the miniſter of the pariſh ſent his Clerk round the place, to make a collection for the ſtranger Being at laſt perfectly recovered, he ſet out for Lord St. Leiger's; when he came there, and was introduced, my Lord perfectly recollected him, and cried, Why ſure and double ſure, is it Carew? Then aſked how long he had been in Ireland? adding, He hoped he would ſtay with him ſome time. My Lord made him very welcome, and they talked over ſome of the merry pranks they had played together. Mr. Carew enquired if Sir Matthew Day, another of their old ſchool-fellows, was alive? My Lord told him he was dead; but that there was a young gentleman would be glad to ſee any old friend of his father's. He abode with Lord St. Leiger about a fortnight, being treated in the kindeſt manner poſſible; and at his departure my Lord made him a handſome preſent, and gave him a good ſuit of clothes, with a recommendatory letter to young Mr Day.

Here he was received with great civility, as well upon the account of Lord St. Leiger's letter, as being an old ſchool fellow of Mr. Day's father; the con-

verſation happening to fall upon dogs, Mr Day told him, he had heard he was very famous for enticing dogs away, and that Sir William Courtenay's ſteward had told him there was not a dog could reſiſt his enticements; however, he had one that would: he then ordered a ſurly moroſe dog to be brought out, and offered to lay a wager he could not entice him away, which he readily accepted of, and began to whiſtle to the dog, but found him very ſurly; upon which he took out a little bottle, and dropping a few drops upon a little bit of paper, held it unſeen to the dog, and then told Mr. Day the dog would follow him to England. Away then goes he, and the dog after him, Mr. Day and his ſervants all followed, calling Roger, Roger, which was the name of the dog; but Roger turned a deaf ear to all they could ſay, not thinking proper to turn about once. Mr. Carew having diverted himſelf ſufficiently, by leading Mr. Day and his ſervants above half a mile, turned back again, with the dog following him. Having abode here ſome days, he took his leave, receiving a handſome preſent from Mr. Day, and then returning back to Lord Anneſly, and from thence to Kingſale, were he took the firſt opportunity of a veſſel, and landed at Padſtow in Cornwall.

From hence he goes to Camelford; thence to Great Torrington, where he met with his wife, and then proceeded to Biddeford; and on the next day, being Sunday, ſtrolled down to one Holmes's who kept a public-houſe between Biddeford and Appledore, where he paſt great part of the day, drinking pretty freely; and money being at a low ebb with him, he deſired landlord Holmes to lend him a good ſuit of clothes, which he accordingly did, being thus gallantly equipped, he goes and plants himſelf at the church door in Biddeford, and pretending to be the ſupercargo of a veſſel which had been, a few days

days before, caſt away near the Lizard, he got a very handſome contribution. From hence he goes to Barnſtable, where he had great ſucceſs, none ſuſpecting him in his dreſs, as it was certainly known ſuch a ſhip had been caſt away near the Lizard a few days before. Returning back, he calls upon Squire Ackland at Tremington, where he got half a crown of the lady upon the ſame ſtory: then ſteering to Appledore, meets with his landlord Holmes, who had been in no little fear about his clothes: however he would not diſrobe till he had been into Appledore, where he added to his ſtore, and then returning to Holmes, reſtored him his clothes, and gave him ſome part of the profit of the excurſion.

It was about this time Mr. Carew became acquainted with the Honourable Sir William Windham in the following manner: being at Watchet in Somerſetſhire, near the ſeat of this gentleman, he was reſolved to pay him a viſit: putting on therefore a jacket and a pair of trowſers, he made the beſt of his way to Orchard Wyndham, Sir William's ſeat; and luckily met with Sir William, Lord Bolingbroke, and ſeveral other gentlemen and clergy, with ſome commanders of veſſels, walking in the park; Mr. Carew approached Sir William with a great deal of ſeeming fearfulneſs and reſpect; and with much modeſty acquainted him he was a Silverton man, (which pariſh chiefly belongs to Sir William) and that he was the ſon of one of his tenants, named Moore; had been to Newfoundland, and in his paſſage homeward, the veſſel was run down by a French ſhip in a fog, and only him and two more ſaved; and being put on board an Iriſh veſſel, was carried into Ireland, and from hence landed at Watſhead; Sir William hearing this, aſked him a great many queſtions concerning the inhabitants of Silverton, who were moſt of them his own tenants, and of

the

the principal gentlemen in the neighbourhood, all whom Mr. Carew was perfectly acquainted with, and therefore gave satisfactory answers; Sir William at last asked him if he knew Bickley, (which is but a small distance from Silverton) and if he knew the parson thereof; Mr. Carew replied, he knew him very well, and indeed so he might, as it was no other than his own father. Sir William then enquired what family he had, and whether he had not a son named Bampfylde, and what was become of him? your honour, replies h , (means the mumper and dog stealer) I don't know what is become of him, but it is a wonder he is not hanged by this time: no, I hope not, replied Sir William; I should be very glad, for his family's sake, to see him at my house. Having satisfactorily answered many other questions, Sir William generously relieved him with a guinea, and Lord Bolingbroke followed his example; the other gentlemen and the clergy contributed according to their different rank, which they were the more inclined to do, as the captains found he could give a very exact account of all the settlements, harbours, and most noted inhabitants of Newfoundland; Sir William then ordered him to go to his house and tell the butler to see him well entertained, which accordingly he did; and set himself down with great content and satisfaction; but our enjoyments are often so suddenly dashed that it has become a proverb, "Many things happen between the cup and the lip," and Mr. Carew now found it; for while he was in the midst of his regale, he saw enter, not the ghost of Bloody Banquo to take his seat from him, no! no, but the foot-post from Silverton, with letters to Sir William —— Horace has rightly observed, "a man who has a drawn sword hanging over his head by a hair, has but very little stomach to eat, however sumptuous the treat."

treat." The foot-poſt that we juſt now mentioned was a little leſs than a very ſharp ſword hanging by a hair over Mr. Carew's head, for as he thought it natural Sir William would aſk him ſome queſtions about Mr. Moore, and as he did not chuſe (though he had paſſed Sir William's ſtrict examination) to undergo a freſh one, he made great haſte to riſe from table and ſet out without uſing much ceremony; and a few miles diſtant from Sir William's, he met Dr. Poole going from Dulverton to Sir William's, who knowing Mr. Carew, ſtopped his horſe to talk to him. Amongſt other converſations at Sir William's, the Doctor happening to mention whom he had met that day, (not knowing that he had been lately at Sir William's,) is was ſoon known by the deſcription he gave of his perſon and habit, to be no other than the unfortunate Silverton man, to whom Sir William and his friends had been ſo generous, which accaſioned a great deal of mirth. About two months after Mr. Carew ventured to pay Sir William a ſecond viſit, in the habit and character of an unfortunate grazier; he met the worthy baronet and his lady taking the air in a chaiſe, in a meadow where ſome haymakers were at work; he approached them with a great deal of modeſt ſimplicity, and began a very moving tale of the misfortunes he had met with in life, in the midſt of this oration, Sir William called to the haymakers to ſecure him, which ſtruck his eloquence dumb, or at leaſt changed it from the pathetic to the tragic ſtile, for he could not conceive what might be the end of this: however Sir William ſoon gave him the choice of either a true confeſſion of his name and profeſſion, or a commitment to priſon; he made choice of the former, and confeſſed himſelf to be Mr Bampfylde Moore Carew, Sovereign of the whole Community of Mendicants. Sir William, with a great deal of humour

humour and good-nature, treated him with all that reſpect which is due to royalty; entertained him generouſly at his houſe, and made him a very handſome preſent at his departure, deſiring him to call upon him as he came that way; and he was ever a conſtant friend and benefactor to him.

Soon after this he planned a new deſign, and put it in execution with great ſucceſs; dreſſing himſelf in a chequered ſhirt, jacket, and trowſers, he goes upon Exeter Key, and with the rough but artleſs air and behaviour of a ſailor, enquired for ſome of the king's officers, whom he informed that he belonged to a veſſel lately come from France, which had landed large quantity of run goods, but the captain was a raſcal, and had uſed him ill, and d——n his blood if he would not———. He was about to proceed, but the officers, who with greedy ears ſwallowed all he ſaid, interrupted him by taking him into the cuſtom houſe, and filling him a bumper of cherry-brandy, which when he had drank, they forced another upon him, perſuading him to wet the other eye, rightly judging that the old proverb, in wine there is truth, might with equal propriety be applied to brandy, and that they ſhould have the fuller diſcovery the more the honeſt ſailor's heart was cheered; but that no provocation ſhould be wanting to engage him to ſpeak the truth, they aſked him if he wanted any money? He with as much art anſwered very indifferently, No; adding, he ſcorned to make ſuch a diſcovery out of a mercenary view, but that he was reſolved to be revenged of his captain. They then ordered him to the ſign of the Boot, in St. Thomas's, Exeter, whither they ſoon followed him, having firſt ſent Mr. Eaſtchurch, an exciſeman, to aſk what he would have for dinner, and what liquor he would have to drink. A fire was lighted up ſtairs, in a private room, a couple of ducks roaſted,

ed, and full glaſſes of wine and punch went cheerfully round; they then thruſt four guineas into his hands, which at firſt he ſeemed unwilling to accept of, which made them the more preſſing. He now began to open his mind with great freedom, gave a particular account of the veſſel, where they had taken in their cargo at France, what it conſiſted of, they day they ſailed, and the time they were in the paſſage, and at laſt concluded with acquainting them they had landed and concealed part of this valuable cargo in the out houſes of Squire Mallock of Cockington, and the remainder in thoſe of 'Squire Cary of Tor-Abbey, (both which houſes, upon account of their ſituation on the ſea ſide, were very noted for ſuch concealments.) The officers having now got the ſcent, were like ſagatious hounds for purſuing it forthwith, and thought it proper the ſailor ſhould accompany them: but to prevent all ſuſpicion, reſolved he ſhould change his habit: they therefore dreſſed him in a ruffled ſhirt, a fine ſuit of broad cloth belonging to the collector, and put a gold laced hat on his head; then mounting him on a very fine black mare, away they rode together, being in all ſeven or eight of them; they that night reached Newton-Buſhel, where they lay at the Bull: nothing was wanting to make the night jovial; the greateſt delicacies the town afforded were ſerved up at their table, the beſt liquors broached for them, and muſic, with its enlivening charms, crowned the banquet: the officers hearts being quite open and cheerful, as they already enjoyed, in imagination, all the booty they were to ſeize on the morrow; thinking they could not do enough for the honeſt ſailor, they enquired if he knew any thing of accompts? promiſing if he did, to get him a place in the cuſtoms. In the morning, after a good hearty breakfaſt, they ſet forwards

forwards for Tor-Abbey; and being arrived in Tor-Town, they demanded the conſtable's aſſiſtance, who was with the utmoſt reluctance prevailed upon to accompany them in making this ſearch. 'Squire Cary being a gentleman ſo univerſally beloved by the whole pariſh, (to whom he always behaved as a father) that every one was very backward in doing any thing to give him the leaſt uneaſineſs. Did gentlemen of large eſtates in the country but once taſte the exalted pleaſure of making a whole neighbourhood happy, and conſider how much honeſt induſtry they might ſupport, how much miſery they might alleviate, and how many daily bleſſings they might have poured forth upon their heads, from hearts overflowing with love, reſpect and gratitude, almoſt to adoration, we ſhould not ſo often ſee them leave their noble country manſions, to repair to noiſe and folly, nor exchange the heart-enlivening pleaſure of making numbers happy, for the beguiling ſmiles and unmeaning profeſſions of a prime-miniſter.

Being come to the houſe, they all diſmounted, and the collector deſired the ſailor to hold his horſe, but he replied, he would go round the garden, and meet them on the other ſide of the houſe, to prevent any thing being conveyed away, and that it would be proper he ſhould be preſent, to ſhew the particular place where every thing was depoſited. This appeared quite right to the collector; he therefore contented himſelf with faſtening his horſe to the garden rails, and proceeds with the reſt of the officers in great form to ſearch the dog kennel, the coal houſe, dove houſe, ſtables, and all other ſuſpicious places, expecting every minute to ſee the informing ſailor, who by this time was nearly got back to Newton Buſhel, having turned his horſe's head that way as ſoon as he got out of ſight of the collector

collector: he ſtopped at the Bull, where they had been the preceding night and drank a bottle of wine; then ordering a handſome dinner to be got ready for his company, whom he ſaid he had left behind, becauſe his buſineſs called him with urgent haſte to Exeter, claps ſpurs to his horſe, and did not ſtop till he reached that city, where he put up at the Oxford Inn, then kept by Mr. Buckſtone, to whom both himſelf and friends were well known: he acquainted Mr. Buckſtone that he was now reformed. and lived at home with his friends, and ſpent the night very jovially, calling for the beſt of every thing. In the morning he deſired Mr. Buckſtone to do him the favour of lending him a couple of guineas, till he could receive ſome of a merchant in the city upon whom he had a bill, for the merchant was gone out of town. As Mr. Buckſtone had a mare in his cuſtody worth ten or twelve pounds, he made no ſcruple of doing it; and ſoon after Mr. Carew thought proper to change his quarters, without bidding the landlord good bye, leaving the mare to diſcharge his reckoning and the loan he had borrowed; he repaired immediately to a houſe of uſual reſort for his community, where he pulls off the fine clothes the collector had lent him, and rigs himſelf in a jacket and trowſers; then ſetting out for Topſham, about three miles from the city of Exeter, he there again executes the ſame ſtratagem upon Mr Carter, and the officers there, informing them of great concealments at Sir Copplefton Bampfylde's houſe at Poltimore, for which they rewarded him with a good treat and a couple of guineas. The Exeter officers (whom, as we have before ſaid, he left without any ceremony at 'Squire Cary's) having ſearched all the out houſes, and even the dwelling houſe very narrowly, without finding any prohibited goods, began to ſuſpect the

ſailor had outwitted them, therefore returned in a great hurry to Newton Buſhel, all their mirth being turned into vexation, and their great expectations vaniſhed into ſmoak. Soon after they had diſmounted from their horſes, the landlord brought in the dinner; which he ſaid their companion had ordered to be got ready for them; but though it was a very elegant one, yet they found abundance of fault with it; for it is common with moſt people when they are chagrined with one thing, to find fault with every thing: however as it was too late to reach Exeter that night, they were obliged to take up their quarters there; but inſtead of the jollity and good humour that reigned among them the night before, there now ſucceeded a ſullen ſilence, interrupted now and then by ſome exclamations of revenge and expreſſions of diſlike of every thing that was brought them; when they came into Exeter the next day, they had intelligence brought them of the mare which was ſafe enough at the Oxford inn: but they were obliged to diſburſe the money Mr. Carew had made her ſurety for.

From Topſham Mr. Carew proceeded to Exmouth, where he likewiſe ſucceeded, and from thence to Squire Stucky's, a juſtice of peace at Branſcombe, about four miles from Sidmouth, and being introduced, acquaints his Worſhip with what diſcoveries he could make; the juſtice thereupon immediately diſpatches a meſſenger for Mr Duke, an officer in Sidmouth; in the mean time entertains him very handſomely, and preſſes him to accept of two guineas, as a ſmall token of kindneſs, often ſhaking him by the hand, and ſaying, he thought himſelf very much obliged to him, for making this diſcovery to him; and that, as a reward for his loyalty to the King, he would engage to get him a place having many friends at London. About two o'clock

the next morning Mr. Duke, the ſailor, and a ſervant of the 'Squire's, ſet forward towards Honiton, it being at 'Squire Blagden's, near the town, they were to find the hidden treaſure: Mr. Carew was mounted on a good horſe of juſtice Stucky's, and while the officer and ſervant were very buſy in ſearching the out-houſes and ſtables, Mr. Carew gives them the ſlip, and poſts away to Honiton, where he took ſome refreſhment at the Three Lions and leaving the juſtice's horſe to anſwer for it, borrows three guineas more; haſtes away to Lyme in Dorſetſhire, where he applies to Mr. Jordan, the collector of the place, whom he ſends upon the ſame errand ſome miles off to colonel Brown's at Frampton; and the collector judging it not proper for him to accompany him, for fear of creating ſuſpicion, left him at his own houſe till his return, giving his ſervants order to let him want for nothing, at the ſame time making him a handſome preſent, as an earneſt of a greater reward when he returned. Mr. Carew enjoyed himſelf very contentedly at the Collector's houſe for ſeveral hours, eating and drinking of the beſt as he knew Frampton was too great a diſtance for him to return preſently, but he prudently weighed his anchor, when he thought the collector might be on his return, and ſteers his courſe towards Weymouth, where he makes his application to the collector, and after being handſomely treated, and a preſent given him, ſends the officers to 'Squire Groves's, near Whiteſheet, and Squire Barber's on the Chace, both in Wiltſhire; and as ſoon as they were gone, he ſet out for Poole; and ſends the Collector and officers of that place to Sir Edward Boobry's, who lived in the road between Saliſbury and Hendon; they gave him two guineas in hand, and a promiſe of more upon their return with the booty; in the mean time recommended

mended him to an inn, and gave orders he ſhould have any thing the houſe afforded, and they would make ſatisfaction for it, but this adventure had like not to have ended ſo well for him as the former; for being laid down upon a bed to take a nap, having drank too freely, he hears ſome people drinking and talking in the next room of the great confuſion there was in all the ſea ports in the weſt of England, occaſioned by a trick put on the King's officers by one Bampfylde Carew, and that this news was brought to Poole by a Devonſhire gentleman, who accidentally came that way. Mr. Carew hearing this, rightly judged Poole was no proper place to make longer ſtay in, he therefore inſtantly aroſe, and by the help of a back door, gets into a garden, and with much difficulty climbed over the wall thereto belonging, and makes the beſt of his way to Chriſtchurch in Hampſhire; here he aſſumed the character of a ſhipwrecked ſeaman, and raiſed conſiderable contributions: coming to Ringwood, he enquired of the health of Sir Thomas Hobby, a gentleman in that neighbourhood, who was a perſon of great hoſpitality: he was told that ſome of the mendicant order, having abuſed his benevolence in taking away a pair of boots, after he had received a handſome preſent from him, it had ſo far prejudiced Sir Thomas, that he did not exerciſe the ſame hoſpitality as formerly; this greatly ſurprized and concerned Mr. Carew, that any of his ſubjects ſhould be guilty of ſo ungrateful an action; he was reſolved therefore to enquire ſtrictly into it, that if he could find out the offender, he might inflict a deſerved puniſhment upon him: he therefore reſolved to pay a viſit to Sir Thomas the next morning, hoping he ſhould get ſome light into the affair; when he came to the houſe, it was pretty early in the day, and Sir Thomas was not come out of his chamber; however,

however, he ſent up his paſs, as a ſhipwrecked ſeaman by one of the ſervants, who preſently returned with half a crown. As he had always been wont to receive a large preſent from Sir Thomas, whenever he had applied to him, he thought there was ſome unfair practice at the bottom; he therefore aſked the footman for a copper of ale to drink the family's health, hoping Sir Thomas might come down by that time; the ſervant pretended to be in ſo great a hurry, that he could not attend to draw any, but he was of too humane a nature to permit the poor ſailor to ſuffer by his hurry, he gave him a ſhilling out of his own pocket to drink at the next public houſe. This extraordinary generoſity of the footman encreaſed Mr. Carew's ſuſpicion; he therefore kept loitering about the door, and often looking up at the window in hopes of ſeeing Sir Thomas, which accordingly happened; for at length Sir Thomas flung up the ſaſh, and accoſting him in a free familiar manner, called him Brother Tar, and told him he was ſorry for his misfortunes, and that he had ſent him a piece of money to aſſiſt him in his journey to Briſtol. Heaven bleſs your honour, replied he, for the half crown your honour ſent me; upon which Sir Thomas immediately ran down in his morning gown, and with great paſſion ſeized the footman by the Collar, and aſked him what he had given the ſailor? The fellow was ſtruck dumb with this, and indeed there was no need for his tongue on the preſent occaſion, for his looks, and the trembling of his limbs, ſufficiently declared his guilt: however he at laſt owned it with his tongue; excuſing it, by ſaying, he knew there was an ill uſe made of the large bounties his honour gave: Sir Thomas, enraged at the inſolence of his ſervant, beſtowed upon him the diſcipline of the horſe-whip, for his great care and integrity in not ſeeing his bounty

abuſed; adding, he now ſaw by whoſe villainy he had loſt his boots: he then made the footman return the whole guinea to the ſailor, and diſcharged him from any further ſervice in his family; upon which Mr. Carew took his leave with great thankfulneſs, and went his way, highly pleaſed with his good ſucceſs in this adventure.——Here we cannot forbear wiſhing that there was no higher character in life than Sir Thomas's footman to whoſe hands gold is apt to cling in paſſing through them; that there was no ſteward who keeps back part of his maſter's rent, becauſe he thinks he has more than he knows what to do with; no managers of charities who retain part of the donor's benefaction in their own hands, becauſe it is too much for the poor; nor officers of the public, who think they may ſquander the public treaſure without account, becauſe what is every body's is nobody's.

Mr. Carew having laid aſide his ſailor's habit, puts on a looſe veſt, places a turban on his head, and dignifies his chin with a venerable long beard: he was now no other than a poor unfortunate Grecian, whom misfortunes had overtaken in a ſtrange country; he could not utter his ſorrowful tale, being unacquainted with the language of the country; but his mute ſilence, his dejected countenance, a ſudden tear that now and then flowed down his cheek, accompanied with a noble air of diſtreſs, all pleaded for him a more perſuaſive eloquence, than perhaps the ſofteſt language could have done, and raiſed him conſiderable gains; and indeed benevolence can never be better exerted than towards unfortunate ſtrangers, for no diſtreſs can be ſo forlorn as that of a man in neceſſity in a foreign country; he has no friends to apply to, no laws to ſhelter him under, no means to provide for his ſubſiſtance, and therefore can have no reſource but in thoſe benevolent

lent minds, who look upon the whole world as their brethren.

We have already mentioned Mr. Carew's being on board the Yarmouth up the Baltic, it will not therefore be improper here to relate the occaſion of that voyage, which was as follows: He and his friend Coleman being at Plymouth, and appearing to be able-bodied men, ſome officers ſeeing them there, thought them extremely fit to ſerve his Majeſty, therefore obliged them to go on board the Dunkirk Man of War; but they not liking this, Coleman pricked himſelf upon the wriſts, between his fingers and other joints, and enflaming it ſo with gunpowder, every one thought it to be the itch; he was therefore carried aſhore, and put into the hoſpital, from whence he ſoon made his eſcape: Mr. Carew tried the ſtratagem, but too late, for the Lively and Succeſs Men of War now arriving from Ireland with impreſſed men, they were all of them carried immediately (together with the impreſſed men lying at Plymouth) to the grand fleet, then lying at Spithead; they were firſt put on board the Bredau, Admiral Hoſier, to chuſe whom he liked of them; and their names being called over, the Iriſhmen were all refuſed; which Mr. Carew ſeeing, declared himſelf, in the Iriſh brogue, to be a poor Iriſh weaver, and diſabled in one arm, whereupon he was alſo refuſed: the Iriſh, among whom he was now ranked, were carried from ſhip to ſhip, and none would accept of them, which made them all expect to be diſcharged; but they were diſappointed in their hopes, for they were put on board the Yarmouth, captain Obrien, being one of the ſquadron deſtined for the Baltic. Mr. Carew finding captain Obrien refuſed no Iriſhmen, when he came to be examined, changed his note, and declared himſelf to be an Engliſhman, but crippled in one

one arm: however, the captain accepted of him, and putting a ſword in his hand, made him ſtand centry at the bitts, which eaſy poſt he liked very well; and during all the time he was on board every one thought him really diſabled in his arm.

The fleet ſailing from Spithead with a fair wind, anchored ſafe at Copenhagen, and the King of Denmark came on board Sir Charles Wager; the moment he ſet his foot on board, both the flag-ſhips were covered with an infinite number of colours of every hue, which waving in the wind, made a moſt gallant ſight; upon his departure, the colours were all taken down in an inſtant, and every ſhip fired 18 or 20 guns. Sailing from Copenhagen they anchored next in Elſon Nape, in Sweden; from hence they ſailed to Revel, and anchored there; the ſick men were carried aſhore to Aragon Iſland, which Mr. Carew obſerving, and burning with love to reviſit his native country, counterfeited ſickneſs, and was accordingly carried aſhore to this Iſland, which lies near Revel, belonging to the Muſcovites, from whence boats come every day to fetch wood: he prevailed upon an Engliſhman, who was a boatſwain of one of the Czarina's men of war, to give him a paſſage in his boat, from that iſland to Revel Town; when he came there, the boatſwain uſed great endeavours to perſuade him to enter into the Czarina's ſervice, but it was all in vain, being reſolved to return to his beloved country; the boatſwain therefore having entertained him a day and a night at his houſe, gave him, at his departure, a piece of money, and engaged ſeveral Engliſhmen of his acquaintance to do the ſame; he likewiſe furniſhed him with a bag of proviſions, a bottle of excellent brandy, a tinder-box, and a few lines wrote in that country language, which was to ſhew to thoſe he met, to inform him of the road he was to go; and then conducted him

ut

out of the town: he that night took up his lodging in the woods, and, by the help of his tinder box, made a large fire all round him, to ſecure himſelf from any viſits from the wild beaſts, then broiled a piece of fleſh, drank a dram, and reſted very quietly till morning, it being the middle of ſummer.

The whole country here is wild, full of vaſt woods and large uninhabited deſarts, the towns and villages lying very thin. In the morning, finding his way out of the woods, he eſpies a lonely hut, to which he made up, and making ſigns of hunger and thirſt, they gave him ſome ruſk bread and cabereta, or goat's fleſh, to eat, and ſome goat's milk to drink, which is the uſual fare amongſt thoſe people, who are moſt of them Lutherans by religion, and lead very ſober lives: of ſome of them he got ſmall bits of money, which they call campekes, and are of ſilver, ſomething larger than a barley corn, being of a penny value; he likewiſe frequently got drams of excellent brandy amongſt them, and his ſhoes being worn out by travelling, the gave him a pair of wooden ones which ſat very aukward on his Engliſh feet.

After ſix or ſeven days travel through this wild country, he came to Riga, a large town, and famous ſea port: here he met with many Engliſh merchants and commanders of veſſels, who were very kind to him: he tarried two days in Riga, to reſt and refreſh himſelf; during which the Engliſh merchants and commanders provided lodgings and other accommodations for him, collecting upwards of fifty ſhillings for him: having expreſſed his utmoſt gratitude towards his good benefactors, he again purſued his journey, ſubſiſting himſelf ſometimes on the charity of the inhabitants of the country, and at other times milking the cows that he found upon the mountains, or in the woods. The next place of

note

note he arrived at was the city of Dantzic, in the kingdom of Poland; here he found a great number of Engliſh merchants, who traded to Briſtol and Exeter, and had many correſpondents living in thoſe places, ſeveral of whom Mr. Carew being acquainted with, he gave a particular account of.

Having been entertained here very hoſpitably for ſeveral days, he ſet out again, having firſt received ſome handſome preſents from the Engliſh merchants. From Dantzic he got a paſſage on board an Engliſh brigantine, bound for Copenhagen, but through ſtreſs of weather obliged to put into Elſon Nape, where he went on ſhore, and travelled by land to Stockholm, the capital of Sweden: but in his road thither he loſt his way in this wild and deſart country, and for the ſpace of three days and nights ſaw neither houſe, hut, or human creature, the weather being very thick and foggy; nothing could be more melancholy and dreadful than theſe three days travel; his proviſions were exhauſted, and every ſtep he took he was uncertain whether it might not lead him farther into the woods, as he could make no obſervations how the country lay, the fog intercepting the ſight of every thing; ſometimes fancy would point to him a hut through the fog, at a little diſtance, to which he would direct his ſteps with eager haſte, when he came nearer, found it nothing but an illuſion of ſight, which almoſt drove him to deſpair: the fourth day he was exceeding hungry, when to his great joy; he eſpied two ſhe goats faſtened together by ropes of ſtraw; he ran to them with great eagerneſs, and drank very heartily of their milk; after this he began to conſider that there muſt be ſome hut at leaſt hard by, as the goats could not have ſtrayed in that manner any great diſtance; he therefore reſolved to ſtay upon the ſpot ſome time, and ſoon after the fog clearing up, he eſpied a hut

juſt

juſt before him, to which he preſently repaired, and there got a belly full of their homely fare, and directions to find his way to Stockholm.

The religion of this country being chiefly Lutheran, he paſſed for the ſon of a Preſbyterian parſon, and his name Slowly, pretending to have been caſt away in a veſſel bound for Revel; the Lutherans at Stockholm were exceeding kind to him, and raiſed a handſome contribution for him; he likewiſe chanced to meet at Stockholm with a relation of Dr Bredaw, a Swiſs gentleman, reſiding at Dartmouth in Devonſhire, who aſked ſeveral queſtions about him; and as Mr. Carew was well acquainted with him, he gave very ſatisfactory anſwers; upon which account the gentleman gave him a guinea, a great fur cap, a coat, and a fine dog, with a letter to carry to his relation at Dartmouth.

From Stockholm he went to Charles Town, and after a ſhort ſtay there, continued his journey to Copenhagen, the metropolis of Denmark; here he met with one captain Thomas Giles, of Minehead, in Somerſetſhire, who knew him, and was ſurprized to ſee him in that part of the world, and not only liberally relieved him himſelf, but recommended him to ſeveral Engliſh commanders there, and ſeveral inhabitants of the city. From Copenhagen he went to Elſenberg, thence to Elſinore, where he got a paſſage for England, and arrived in his native country, landing at Newcaſtle upon Tyne, where having viſited his wife's relations, he ſet forward for Devonſhire, travelling all the way in the character of a ſhipwrecked ſeaman. Meeting at Exeter with his beloved wife, and likewiſe his friend Coleman, with his wife, they travelled together for ſome time, during which Coleman's wife was delivered of a daughter: and as they found ſo helpleſs an infant a great hinderance to their travelling, Mr. Carew contrived

note he arrived at was the city of Dantzic, in the kingdom of Poland; here he found a great number of Engliſh merchants, who traded to Briſtol and Exeter, and had many correſpondents living in thoſe places, ſeveral of whom Mr. Carew being acquainted with, he gave a particular account of.

Having been entertained here very hoſpitably for ſeveral days, he ſet out again, having firſt received ſome handſome preſents from the Engliſh merchants. From Dantzic he got a paſſage on board an Engliſh brigantine, bound for Copenhagen, but through ſtreſs of weather obliged to put into Elſon Nape, where he went on ſhore, and travelled by land to Stockholm, the capital of Sweden: but in his road thither he loſt his way in this wild and deſart country, and for the ſpace of three days and nights ſaw neither houſe, hut, or human creature, the weather being very thick and foggy; nothing could be more melancholy and dreadful than theſe three days travel; his proviſions were exhauſted, and every ſtep he took he was uncertain whether it might not lead him farther into the woods, as he could make no obſervations how the country lay, the fog intercepting the ſight of every thing; ſometimes fancy would point to him a hut through the fog, at a little diſtance, to which he would direct his ſteps with eager haſte, when he came nearer, found it nothing but an illuſion of ſight, which almoſt drove him to deſpair: the fourth day he was exceeding hungry, when to his great joy; he eſpied two ſhe goats faſtened together by ropes of ſtraw; he ran to them with great eagerneſs, and drank very heartily of their milk; after this he began to conſider that there muſt be ſome hut at leaſt hard by, as the goats could not have ſtrayed in that manner any great diſtance; he therefore reſolved to ſtay upon the ſpot ſome time, and ſoon after the fog clearing up, he eſpied a hut

juſt

juſt before him, to which he preſently repaired, and there got a belly full of their homely fare, and directions to find his way to Stockholm.

The religion of this country being chiefly Lutheran, he paſſed for the ſon of a Preſbyterian parſon, and his name Slowly, pretending to have been caſt away in a veſſel bound for Revel; the Lutherans at Stockholm were exceeding kind to him, and raiſed a handſome contribution for him; he likewiſe chanced to meet at Stockholm with a relation of Dr Bredaw, a Swiſs gentleman, reſiding at Dartmouth in Devonſhire, who aſked ſeveral queſtions about him; and as Mr. Carew was well acquainted with him, he gave very ſatisfactory anſwers; upon which account the gentleman gave him a guinea, a great fur cap, a coat, and a fine dog, with a letter to carry to his relation at Dartmouth.

From Stockholm he went to Charles Town, and after a ſhort ſtay there, continued his journey to Copenhagen, the metropolis of Denmark; here he met with one captain Thomas Giles, of Minehead, in Somerſetſhire, who knew him, and was ſurprized to ſee him in that part of the world, and not only liberally relieved him himſelf, but recommended him to ſeveral Engliſh commanders there, and ſeveral inhabitants of the city. From Copenhagen he went to Elſenberg, thence to Elſinore, where he got a paſſage for England, and arrived in his native country, landing at Newcaſtle upon Tyne, where having viſited his wife's relations, he ſet forward for Devonſhire, travelling all the way in the character of a ſhipwrecked ſeaman. Meeting at Exeter with his beloved wife, and likewiſe his friend Coleman, with his wife, they travelled together for ſome time, during which Coleman's wife was delivered of a daughter: and as they found ſo helpleſs an infant a great hinderance to their travelling, Mr. Carew contri ved

contrived a ſtratagem to get rid of it, and at the ſame time advance the fortune of the child.

There was in the town where they then were, a gay batchelor, who lived with his mother and ſiſters, and was a great admirer of that order of female travellers called Couſin Betties; Coleman's wife had been with him ſome months before in that character, was very well entertained, and amongſt other favours received a preſent of a ſilk handkerchief. They therefore dreſſed up the babe very neatly, wrapped it up exceeding warm, and put it in a hand baſket, taking care to put in the handkerchief Coleman's wife had received from this gay batchelor; then getting a large boar-cat, in the duſk of the evening they tied it to the knocker of the door, ſetting down before it the baſket with the helpleſs infant; the cat not liking the treatment, made a hideous ſqualling, and with his ſtruggling, rap, rap, rap, goes the knocker of the door: out runs the gentleman, with his mother, ſiſters, and ſervants, and the neighbourhood gathered about the door to ſee what this noiſe ſhould mean; Mr. Carew and Coleman mingled amongſt them, to ſee what would be the event of their ſtratagem: the cat, by long ſtruggling, gets free of the knocker, and runs away, only leaving part of his tail behind; the baſket alone now engages the attention of every one, and being delivered to the gentleman to open, the feeble cry of an infant ſoon reaches their ears; the mother and ſiſters, alarmed at this unexpected ſalutation, ſnatched the baſket from him, and, upon the child's breaſt, found a note in theſe words:

Dear Sir,

"Remember, Sir, where you met me; you "have not been ſo kind as you often promiſed and "ſwore you would; however, it juſtly belongs to "you, I have made bold to ſend the fruit of our meeting,

" meeting, and this handkerchief, which you gave " me for a token. Be kind to our infant daughter ; " and the unfortunate mother, on her part, will " forgive you.

" Your's &c. "

COUSIN BETTY.

The horrid ſqualling of the cat did not grate ſo diſagreeably upon the gentleman's ears, as the reading of theſe words: ſo that his hat and wig were flung off, and he ran about ſtamping and ſwearing that the child was none of his, neither did he know any thing of the mother: his mother and ſiſters flew into a violent rage, aſſailing his ears on every ſide with reproaches ; ſo that he would at that time have thought deafneſs preferable to any one of the ſenſes. " Doſt thou deny the child to be thine? cries the " mother? Has it not thy very eyes, noſe, and " mouth? and is not this thy handkerchief? Thou " can'ſt not deny that, for I can ſafely ſwear it was " thine." The poor gentleman, thus beſet on all ſides, was obliged to quit the field: the child was taken into the houſe, brought up and educated there, and is at this day a very accompliſhed fine lady.

Some time after thi adventure, he took paſſage at Folkſtone, a noted ſea-port in Kent, for Boulogne in France, where he arrived ſafe, and proceeded to Paris, and other noted cities of that kingdom: his hab it was now tolerably good, his countenance grave, his behaviour ſober and decent, pretending himſelf to be a Roman Catholic, who left England, his native country, out of an ardent zeal of ſpending his days in the boſom of the Catholic church. This ſtory readily gained belief: his zeal was univerſally applauded, and handſome contributions made for him : but at the ſame time he was ſo zealous a Roman Catholic, with a little change of habit, he uſed

to addreſs thoſe Engliſh he heard of in any place, as a Proteſtant and ſhipwrecked ſeaman: he had the good fortune, in this character, to meet an Engliſh phyſician at Paris, to whom he told his deplorable tale, who was ſo much affected by it, that he not only relieved him very handſomely, but what was more, recommended him to that noble pattern of unexhauſted benevolence, Mrs. Horner, who was then on her travels, from whom he received ten guineas, and from ſome other company with her five more.

Here, reader, if thou haſt a good heart, we cannot entertain thee better than by drawing a true, though faint picture of this generous lady; for were benevolence and generoſity real beings, we are perſuaded they would act juſt like her, with an unſparing hand would they beſtow their bounties, with ſuch magnificence reward deſert, with ſuch god-like compaſſion cheer the afflicted, and juſt ſo make happy all around them: but thou canſt form no adequat idea, unleſs thou haſt been in the neighbourhood of that noble manſion *, where beneficence has fixed her ſeat; permit me therefore to tranſport thee thither, to bleſs thy ſight with the delightful ſcene; ſee already a neat and decent temple † ſtrikes the eye: it is ſhe has erected it to the honour of her God. Thou art ſurpriſed, I ſee to behold the grave doctor ‡ coming out of his gilded chariot to enter the ſordid huts of poverty; but know, ſhe has already paid

---

* The ſeat of Mrs. Horner at Melbury, in Dorſetſhire.

† The pariſh church, rebuilt at her expence.

‡ An eminent phyſician, who is allowed a conſtant ſalary by her to viſit the poor ſick in her neighbourhood.

paid his fees: ſee here, another} compounding the choiceſt drugs and medicines for a whole neighbourhood; it is her bounty has ſupplied them. Caſt your eye the other way, and behold that company of aged and decrepid poor; they are going to receive their daily bread at her table. But let us enter this poor cottage; ſee here are the holy ſcriptures, and other books of pious inſtruction: and hark the liſping child is reading diſtinctly in one of them; her munificence has beſtowed theſe uſeful gifts, and inſtilled inſtruction into that tender mind. Behold, with how dejected a look, and grief-ſwoln heart, with what a load of care yon perſon enters the manſion: but ſee, he returns, how changed his aſpect: joy ſparkles in his eye, and thankfulneſs ſwells his exulting heart; content ſits cheerful upon his brow, and no longer bends under his care: what wonderful magic has wrought this ſudden change? the opening only of her beneficent hand has done it.

What we are now going to relate, will raiſe an honeſt indignation in the breaſt of every true lover of liberty; for all ſuch know that the beauteous flower of liberty ſickens to the very root, (like the ſenſitive plant) at the lighteſt touch of the iron hand of power upon any of its moſt diſtant branches.

Mr. Carew being in the city of Exeter with his wife, and having viſited his old friends there, takes a walk to Topſham, about three miles diſtant, leaving his wife in Exeter. Alas! little did he think the walk would end in a long and cruel ſeparation from his friends and country, little did he imagine, that in the land of freedom and juſtice, he ſhould be ſeized upon by the cruel graſp of lawleſs power; though poor, he thought himſelf under the protection of the laws, and as ſuch liable to no puniſhment till they inflicted it. How far he thought right in this, let the ſequel tell; going down to Topſham,

and walking upon the quay there, enjoying the beauties of a fine evening, meditating no harm, and unſuſpecting danger, he was accoſted by merchant D—y, accompanied with ſeveral captains of veſſels, in ſome ſuch words as theſe; Ha! Mr. Carew, you are come in a right time; as you came home for your own pleaſure, you ſhall go over for mine. They then laid hands on him, who found it in vain to reſiſt, as he was overpowered by numbers; he therefore deſired to be carried before ſome magiſtrate, but this was not hearkened to, for they forced him on board a boat without preſence or authority of any officer of juſtice, not ſo much as ſuffering him to take leave of his wife, or acquaint her with his misfortune, though he begged the favour almoſt with tears; the boat carried him on board the Phillero Captain Simmonds, bound for America with convicts which then lay off Powderham Caſtle waiting on for a fair wind. Here had my pen gall enough, would put a blot of eternal infamy on that citizen of liberty, who uſurped ſo much power over a fellow citizen, and thoſe who ſuffered a brother of liberty however undeſerving, to be dragged to ſlavery by the lawleſs hand of power, without the mandate of ſovereign juſtice.

But to return: Mr. Carew was no ſooner put on board, than he was ſtrictly ſearched, and then taken between decks, where he was ironed down with the convicts. There was, at the ſame time, a violent fever raging among them, and Mr. Carew, by being chained with them night and day, was ſoon infected, and taken very ill; however, he had not the liberty of ſending to his wife, nor any of his friends, though they lay three weeks in the road for a fair wind. In the mean time his wife, not hearing any thing from him, and uncertain what was become of him, or whether he was alive or

dead, abandoned herſelf to an exceſs of grief, for he had always been a kind and affectionate huſband to her; ſhe therefore ſought him up and down, at all the houſes of his uſual reſort, but all in vain, for no news could ſhe gain of her beloved huſband.

The wind coming fair, they hoiſted ſail, and ſoon bid adieu to the Engliſh coaſts.——We need not deſcribe what paſſed in Mr. Carew's breaſt at this time: anger and grief prevailed by turns; ſometimes reſentment, for being thus treated, fired his boſom, and he vowed revenge: at other times, the thoughts of his being thus unexpectedly ſeparated from his country and friends, and doomed to an ignominious ſlavery, filled him with ſad and melancholy reflections; however he had the pleaſure, before it was long, of knowing he was not entirely deſerted; for Captain Simmonds, the commander of the Philleroy, a humane compaſſionate man, came down to him between decks, ſoon after they were under ſail, and bid him be of good cheer, for he ſhould want for nothing: and though he had ſtrict orders from Merchant D——y never to let him return, yet he would be a friend to him, and provide for him in the beſt manner he could. Mr. Carew returned his thanks to his generous and unexpected benefactor, in as handſome a manner as he was able.

Soon after this, he had liberty allowed him of coming upon deck, where the Captain entered into converſation with him, and jocoſely aſked, if he thought he could be at home before him? he generouſly replied he thought he ſhould, at leaſt he would endeavour to be ſo, which the Captain took all in good part.

Thus did Mr. Carew ſpend his time in as agreeable a manner as could poſſibly be expected under his preſent circumſtances: but alas! all our happineſs

is too fleeting, and we ſcarcely taſte the pleaſure before it is raviſhed from us: and thus it happened to our hero; for they had ſcarcely been under ſail five weeks, before the good Captain Simmonds was taken ill, which increaſed every day with too many fatal ſymptoms, till at laſt death, who has no regard to the good and virtuous, ſtruck the deadly blow: but the approaches of the griſly tyrant were not ſo dreadful to this good man, as the thoughts of the diſtreſs it would occaſion to his wife and family, whom he continually cried out upon during his whole illneſs. Mr. Carew bewailed the loſs of his generous benefactor with more than outward ſorrow. Every thing in the veſſel was now in confuſion, by the death of the captain: at length the mate, one Harriſon, of Newcaſtle, took charge of the veſſel, and the Captain's effects; but had not long enjoyed his new honours, before he was taken dangerouſly ill, ſo that the veſſel was obliged to be left to the care of the common ſailors, and was ſeveral times in great danger of being loſt. At laſt, after ſixteen weeks paſſage, in the grey of the morning, they made Cape Charles, and then bore away for Cape Henry: at Hampton they took in a pilot, the veſſel having ſeveral times run upon the ſands, and was not got off again without great difficulty; the pilot brought them to Kent Iſland, where they fired a gun; and Harriſon, who was now recovered, went aſhore at Annapolis, and made a bargain with one Mr. Delany of the place, for Mr. Carew, as an expert gardener. He was then ſent on ſhore, and Mr. Delany aſked him, if he underſtood gardening? Being willing to get out of Harriſon's hands, he replied in the affirmative; but Mr. Delany aſking, if he could mow? he anſwered in the negative; then you are no gardener, replied Mr. Delany, and ſo refuſed to buy him. Then one Hilldrop, who had been

tranſported

tranſported about three years before from Exeter, for horſe-ſtealing, and had married a currier's widow in Annapolis, had a mind to purchaſe him, but they could not agree about the price; whereupon he was put on board again, and they ſailed for Miles River.

Here they fired a gun, and the Captain went on ſhore; in the mean time the men priſoners were ordered to be cloſe ſhaved, and the women to have clean caps on: This was ſcarcely done, before an overſeer belonging to one Mr. Bennet, in Way River, and ſeveral planters, came off to buy: the priſoners were all ordered upon deck, and Mr. Carew among them: ſome of the planters knew him again, and cried out, "Is not this the man Captain Froade brought over, and put a pot-hook upon?" Yes, replies Harriſon, the very ſame; at which they were much ſurpriſed, making account he had been either killed by the wild beaſts, or drowned in ſome river. Ay, ay, replied Harriſon, with a great oath, I'll take care he ſhall not be at home before me. By this time ſeveral of the priſoners were ſold, the bowl went merrily round, and many of the planters gave Mr. Carew a glaſs, but none of them choſe to buy him.

During this, Mr. Carew obſerving a great many canoes and boats lying along ſide the veſſel, thought it not impoſſible to make himſelf maſter of one of them, and by that means reach the ſhore, where he thought he might conceal himſelf, till he found an opportunity of getting off: though this was a very hazardous attempt, and, if he was unſucceſsful, would expoſe him to a great deal of hard uſage, and probably put it out of his power of ever regaining his liberty, yet he was reſolved to venture. He recollected the common maxim, that fortune favours the bold; and therefore took an opportunity, juſt

as

as it grew dark, of ſlipping nimbly down the ſhip's ſide into one of the canoes, with which he paddled with as much ſilence and expedition as poſſible, towards the ſhore; but he had not gone far, before the noiſe he made gave the alarm, that one of the priſoners had eſcaped: Harriſon immediately called out to enquire which of them, and where Carew was; and being told that he was gone off, ſwore he would rather have loſt half the priſoners than him.

All hands were then called upon to purſue; the captain and planters left their bowl; the river was ſoon covered with canoes, and every thing was in confuſion. Mr. Carew was within hearing of this, but, by plying his canoe well, had the good fortune to get to ſhore before any of them; he immediately took himſelf to the woods as ſoon as he landed, and climbed up into a great tree, where he had not been many minutes, before he heard the captain, ſailors, and planters all in purſuit of him; the Captain fretted and ſtormed, the ſailors damned their blood, and the planters endeavoured to pacify every thing, by telling the captain not to fear, for they would have him in the morning, as it was impoſſible for him to get off. He heard all this, though not unmoved, yet without taking notice of it; at laſt, finding their ſearch fruitleſs, the captain, ſailors, and planters returned, the planters ſtill aſſuring the captain, they would have him in the morning.

As ſoon as they were gone, he began to reflect upon his preſent ſituation, which indeed was melancholy enough, for he had no proviſions, was beſet on every ſide, quite incapable of judging what to undertake, or which courſe to ſteer: however, he at laſt reſolved to ſteer further into the woods, which he accordingly did, and got up into another tree; here he ſat all the ſucceeding day, without

a morſel of food: but was diverted with a great number of ſquirrels he ſaw ſkipping from tree to tree; and had he had a gun, he could have ſhot hundreds of pigeons, there was ſo great a plenty of them. The next day, towards night, hunger became too powerful, and he was almoſt ſpent for want of food; in this neceſſity he knew not what to do; at laſt, happening to eſpy a planter's houſe at a diſtance, he was reſolved to venture down in the night, thinking, he might chance to find food of ſome ſort or another, in or about the houſe; agreeable to this reſolution, he came down the tree in the middle of the night, and going into the planter's yard, to his great joy found there a parcel of milk cows penned in, which he ſoon milked in the crown of his hat, making a moſt delicious feaſt, and then retired to the woods again, climbing up into a tree, where he paſſed the day much more eaſy than he had the preceding one.

Having found out this method of ſubſiſting, he proceeded forwards in the ſame manner, concealing himſelf in a tree in the day time, and traveliing all the night, milking the cows as often as he had an opportunity; and ſteering his courſe as near as he could gueſs towards Duck's Creek.

On the fifth night he heard the voices of ſeveral people near him, in the woods, upon which he ſtepped on one ſide, and concealed himſelf behind a tree, till they ſhould paſs by; when they came near enough to diſtinguiſh their words, he heard them ſay, We will make the beſt of our way to Duck's Creek, and there we ſhall certainly have him. He judged that theſe were ſome in purſuit of him, therefore thought himſelf very happy in having ſo narrowly eſcaped them.

Upon the eighth day, he being upon a tree, diſcovered a lone houſe, near the ſkirts of the woods, and

and saw all the family (as he supposed) going out to hoe tobacco, and the dog following them; this was a joyful sight to him, for he had not, the two preceding nights, met with any cows, and consequently had been without food. As soon, therefore, as he saw the family were out of sight, he came down from the tree, and ventured into the house, where he found not only to satisfy his hunger, but what might be deemed luxury in his present condition, for there was a jolly cake, powell, a sort of Indian corn bread, and good omani, which is kidney beans ground with Indian corn sifted, then put into a pot to boil, and eat with molasses. Seeing so many dainties, he did not hesitate long, but hunger pressing, sat down and eat the omani with as much composure as if he had been invited thereto by the owner of it; and knowing that hunger and necessity are bound by no laws of honour, he took the liberty of borrowing the jolly cake, powell, and a leg of fine pork, then hastens back to the tree with his booty. What the people thought when they returned at night with good appetite, and found their dainty omani, their jolly cake, and their pork, all vanished we know not, but suppose they were not a little surprised.

Being thus stocked with provisions, he made the best of his way to Ogle-Town that night, and so to Old Town. In the dawn of the morning of the eleventh day, he came in sight of Duck's Creek; but being afraid he might fall into the hands of his pursuers, he strikes a great way into the woods towards Tuck-Hoe, where staying all the day in a tree, he came again in the middle of the night to Duck's Creek: as soon as he came here, he runs to the water side to see for a canoe, but found them all chained; he immediately set himself about breaking the chain, but found it too strong, and all his endeavours

to

to break it in vain. Never was man more thunderſtruck than he was now, juſt at the time when he expected to be out of danger, to meet with ſo unforeſeen and unſurmountable an obſtacle: he knew there was no way of eſcaping, but by paſſing the river Delaware, but could not think of any method of effecting it. Several hours did he paſs in this agitation of mind; ſometimes he had a mind to try his ſtrength in ſwimming, but the river being ſo wide he thought he ſhould not reach the oppoſite ſhore; at laſt reflecting what one of his anceſtors had done in ſwimming a horſe over Teigmouth-bar, and ſeeing ſome horſes grazing thereabout, he reſolved to attempt paſſing the Delaware in that manner; for let the worſt happen, he thought death preferable to ſlavery: being thus reſolved, he ſoon catches one of the horſes, and making a ſort of bridle with his handkerchief, brings the horſe to the water ſide; he walked for ſome time on the banks, looking for a proper place to enter the horſe; at laſt eſpying a little ſtream, which run into the great river Delaware, he ſtripped himſelf, and tying his frock and trowſers about his ſhoulders, mounted the horſe, and putting him forward a little, the horſe loſt his footing, and the water came up to Mr. Carews middle, and in this manner he launched into the great river Delaware.

The horſe ſnorted and neighed to his companions, but made to the oppoſite ſhore with all the ſtrength he could. Mr. Carew did not imagine the horſe would be able to reach it, but purpoſed to ſave himſelf by ſwimming when the horſe failed, for the river was three miles over: however the horſe reached the ſhore, but finding no place to land, it being ſandy mud, was obliged to ſwim him along the ſhore, till he came to a little creek, which the horſe ſwimming into, ſoon got ſure footing, to the great

joy

joy of Mr. Carew, who diſmounting, kiſſed the horſe, telling him, he muſt now turn Quaker as well as himſelf, and ſo let him go into the woods.

His clothes were not very wet; however, he ſtaid on the banks ſome time to dry them with the morning ſun, then went up into the country; the firſt houſe he came to was a miller's, whoſe wife came out, and aſked him from whence he came? he told her, he had been priſoner ſome time in the Havannah, from whence he had been releaſed by an exchange of priſoners, and was now going home.

The good woman pitied him much, and told him he looked very melancholy; but the huſband coming in, ſaid, he believed he was an Iriſhman; this he denied, averring he was of the Weſt of England; ſo they gave him a piece of that country money, and a mug of rum, which he drinking greedily, being very thirſty, threw him into a violent fever, that he was obliged to ſtop at a neighbouring houſe, where he lay ſick for three or four days. From hence he goes to Newcaſtle, where he raiſed contributions from ſeveral gentlemen, as he had done before, but not under the ſame name. From hence to Caſtile, Brandywine Ferry, Cheſter, and Derby, where he got relief from the ſame miller where Mr. Whitefield was, when he was there before, and lodged at the ſame houſe, but took care to diſguiſe himſelf, ſo as not to be known: he got a paſs from the juſtice, as a ſick man, bound to Boſton. From hence he proceeds to Brunſwick, where he got relief from Mr. Matthews the miller, who treated him ſo hoſpitably the firſt time he was there, but did not know him again now.

From hence he proceeded to New London, where he chanced to ſee the captain who had taken him home before, but he avoided him. From New London he proceeds to Groten, where he got a twenty

twenty ſhilling bill from one Mr. Goyf, and ſeveral half crown bills from other people. He then enquired of his landlord his way to Rhode-Iſland, who accompanied him about two miles of the way, when they chanced to fall into the company of ſome drovers, who were driving a number of bullocks for the uſe of ſome privateers which lay at Rhode-Iſland; he therefore joined them, and after about nine or ten miles travelling, they came to a ferry, where they ſtopped at a public houſe for ſome time, till the bullocks were taken over; but neither the tavern-man nor drovers would ſuffer him to pay any thing, they pitying his unfortunate condition; paſſing over this ferry, they came to Rhode-Iſland.

'Tis deſervedly called the Paradiſe of New England, for the great fruitfulneſs of the ſoil, and the temperature of the climate, which though it be not above fifty five miles from Boſton, is a coat warmer in winter, and being ſurrounded by the ocean, is not ſo much affected in ſummer with the hot land breezes as the towns on the continent are. They live in great amity with their neighbours, and though every man does what he thinks right in his own eyes, it is rare that any notorious crimes are committed by them, which may be attributed, in ſome meaſure, to their great veneration for the Holy Scriptures, which they all read, from the leaſt to the greateſt, though they have neither miniſters nor magiſtrates to recommend it to them.

Here Mr. Carew found many of his old acquaintance, particularly one Mr. Perkins, a ſtay-maker, and Mr. Gidley and his mother, who kept ſeveral negroes for diſtilling of rum, and Mr. Southcott Langworthy, a pewterer, all natives of Exeter, and one Mr. Martin, of Honiton in Devon; they were all very glad to ſee him, he telling them, that

he was taken by the Spaniards, and escaped from prison. They treated him with great kindness, and gave him letters to carry to their friends in England.

From hence he goes through Piscataway and Marblehead to Boston, the capital of New England, and the biggest city in America, except two or three on the Spanish continent.

CHAP. X.

Observes the Grandeur of the City—Leaves Bristol—goes to Taunton and Exeter—Visits his Friends—passes through several characters and Armies at Sherborne—meets the Rebels—Shams sick.

COMING into the city, Mr. Carew was surprised at the grandeur of it; and seeing a green hill at the end of the great street, much like Glastonbury Tower, he goes up to it, and had a most beautiful prospect of the city from the top of it, where was placed the mast of a ship with pulleys to draw up a lighted barrel of tar to alarm the country in case of an invasion. Going down the hill again, he met two drums, a serjeant, and several soldiers and marines, who were, by beat of drum, proclaiming, that the taverns and shopkeepers might safely credit the soldiers and marines to a certain value. Some of the soldiers presently knew him, and accosting him persuaded him to go along with them to one mother P'assimore's, a house of rendezvous, where they were very merry together; while they were drinking, in came captain Sharp, who commanded them, and was

was an old friend of our hero's: What, Mr. Carew, cries the captain in a ſurpriſe, who' could think of ſeeing you here? When did you ſee my brother? I ſaw him replied he, about ſix months ago, but his lady is dead. Is ſhe ſo? ſaid the captain, I have heard nothing of it. The captain having aſked him ſeveral other queſtions, treated him very handſomely, and kept him ſome time at his own charge: but his heart glowed to ſee his native country, he once more reſolved to ſhip himſelf for Old England; he accordingly agreed to take the run with Cap. Bull, of the Mary, for 15l. 15 gal. of rum, 10 pounds of ſugar and tobacco, and 10 pipes: they were two months on their voyage before they made Lundy, nothing material happening in their paſſage worthy of being recorded in this true hiſtory. The captain would not ſtop at Lundy for a pilot, but made for Combe, and there took one in, who brought the ſhip ſafe into King-road, and the next tide up to the key at Briſtol; and having moored the veſſel, the crew ſpent the night on ſhore with their jolly landladies.

The next morning early they all got on board, and ſoon after came the captain, with ſome Briſtol merchants: the captain gave Mr. Carew a bill on his brother who lived at Topſham; which having received, he ſoon turned his back on Briſtol.

Mr. Carew having left Briſtol, made the beſt of his way to Bridgewater, and from thence to Taunton, and ſo to Exeter, ſupporting his travelling expences by his ingenuity as a mendicant. As ſoon as he arrived at Exeter, he made the beſt of his way to the houſe of an old acquaintance, where he expected to hear ſome news of his beloved wife; but going through Eaſtgate, he was met by two gentlemen; who immediately cried out, here's our old friend Carew. They then laid hold of him, and took him

back to the Oxford Inn, where they enquired, where he had been this long time? He acquainted them in what manner he had been ſeized upon Topſham key, and carried to Maryland; he likewiſe informed them of captain Simmond's death, (which they were ſorry to hear of) and that the veſſel had been taken into port by Harriſon, the mate, who was afterwards drowned, in company with ſome planters, in Talbot river.

Fame having ſoon ſounded the arrival of our hero thro' every ſtreet in Exeter, ſeveral gentlemen flocked to the Oxford Inn to viſit him, and amongſt the reſt, Merchant Davey. What, have you found your way home again? ſays the merchant. Yes, yes, replies he, as you ſent me over for your pleaſure, I am come back for my own; which made the gentlemen laugh heartily. The merchant then aſked him ſeveral queſtions about captain Simmonds, and Harriſon, where he left the veſſel, and if he had been ſold. No, no, replies he, I took care to be out of the way before they had ſtruck a bargain for me; and as to the veſſel, I left her in Miles's river. The gentlemen could not help being ſurpriſed at his ingenuity and expedition in thus getting home twice before the veſſel which carried him out: and merchant Davey propoſed making a collection for him, and begun it himſelf with half a crown: having received a handſome contribution, he returned the gentlemen thanks, and took his leave, being impatient to hear ſome news about his wife; he therefore goes directly to his uſual quarters, Kitty Finnimore's in Caſtle-lane, where he occaſioned no little terror to his landlady, ſhe believing it to be his ghoſt, as ſhe heard he was certainly dead; however, our hero ſoon convinced her he was real fleſh and blood: he then enquired, when ſhe heard from his wife? who informed him, to his great joy, that both his wife and daughter

daughter were there a few days before, and were gone towards Newtown Buſhel; but they had given over all thoughts of ſeeing him any more, as they thought him dead.

He ſets forward immediately for Newtown Buſhel, calling at Lord Clifford's in his way; he was told by Mrs. Ratcliffe, the houſe-keeper, and Mr. Kilſha, the ſteward, (who were quite ſurpriſed to ſee him) that his wife had been there juſt before, in mourning, believing him to be dead; and that he would find her at Newtown Buſhel. Though it was then night, our hero, impatient of ſeeing his wife and daughter, ſet forward for Newtown Buſhel, where he arrived late in the night: going directly to his uſual quarters, he found them all in bed, and calling out to the woman of the houſe, his wife hearing his voice, immediately leaped out of bed, crying, it was her poor Bampfylde: a light was then ſtruck with as much expedition as poſſible, and his wife, daughter, and landlady, all came down to open the door to him.

Here, how ſhall I find words to expreſs the tranſports of our hero, the tender embraces of his wife, the endearing words of his daughter, and hearty congratulations of the landlady? unable to the taſk, moſt gentle reader, I muſt imitate that celebrated painter who painted Agamemnon with a covering over his face, at the ſacrifice of his daughter: and draw a veil over this ſcene of tenderneſs: let it ſuffice to ſay, that their joy was too full to be contained, and not finding any other paſſage, guſhed out in tears.

The next morning, accompanied by his wife, and daughter, he went and paid his reſpects to Sir Thomas Carew, at Hackum, where they were received with great kindneſs; and Sir Thomas told him, if he would forſake the Mendicant Order, he would take care to provide for him and his family; he returned

Sir Thomas a great many thanks, but declared, tha as he had entered himself into the Mendicant Orde he was resolved to continue therein as long as he liv ed; but hoped if any accident happened to him, h would extend his goodness to his dear wife and daugh er

It was about this time, that one of the greates personages in the kingdom being at Bath, Mr. Ca rew was drawn thither with the rest of the world t see her, but to more advantage indeed to himsel than most others reaped from it; for making him self as much an Hanoverian as he could in dress &c. he presented a petition to her as an unfortunat person of that country; (and as every one is inclin ed to be kind to their own country folks) he ha from her a very princely benefaction.

Some time after this, 'Squire Morice, who suc ceeded to the fine seat and estate of Sir William Mo rice, near Launceston in Cornwall, coming to resid there, and hearing much talk of Mr. Carew, was ve ry desirous of seeing him; and he happening to com soon after into that neighbourhood, some of the ser vants who knew their master's inclinations, chan cing to see him, soon conducted him to the house and shewed him immediately into the parlour, wher Mr. Morice was with a good deal of company; Mr. Carew was made very welcome, and the company had a great deal of conversation with him, during which Mr. Morice very nicely examined every fea ture in his countenance, and at last declared, that he would lay any wager, that he should know him again, come in what shape he would, so as not to be impo sed upon by him; one of the company took Mr. Morice up, and a wager was laid, that Mr. Carew should do it within such a limited time; this being agreed upon, Mr. Carew took his leave. He be gun to meditate in what shape he should be able to

deceive

deceive the circumſpection of Mr. Morice; and within a few days came to the houſe, and endeavoured, in two or three different ſhapes, and with as many different tales to obtain charity from Mr. Morice, but he remembering his wager, would hearken to none; at laſt underſtanding that Mr. Morice was to go out a hunting one morning with ſeveral of the company who were preſent when the wager was laid, he dreſſed himſelf like a neat old woman, and placing himſelf in the road Mr. Morice was riding along, all of a ſudden he fell down, and counterfeited all the diſtortions of the moſt violent fits in ſuch a terrible manner, that Mr. Morice was greatly affected with the poor creature's condition, ordering his ſervants to get down and aſſiſt her, ſtaying himſelf, till ſhe was brought a little to herſelf, then gave her a piece of money, and ordered one of his ſervants to ſhew her to his houſe, that ſhe might have ſome refreſhment there: but Mr. Carew having obtained what he deſired, flung off the old woman, and diſcovers himſelf to Mr. Morice, and the reſt of the company, wiſhing them all a good morrow: upon which Mr. Morice owned he had fairly loſt the wager.

Mr. Carew, ſome time after this, ſteered his courſe for Oxford, where he viſited Mr. Treby, Mr. Standford, Mr. Cooke, and ſeveral other collegians his particular friends, of whom he got a trencher cap; and having ſtayed in Oxford ſo long as was agreeable to his inclinations, he then ſet out for Abington, and from thence to Marlborough, having put on a pair of white ſtockings, a grey waiſtcoat, and the trencher cap, thus equipped, he pretends to be diſordered in his mind; and as his knowledge of the Latin tongue enabled him to intermix a few Latin phraſes in his diſcourſe, which he made very incoherent, he was in no fear of being diſcovered

Under.

Under this character he therefore goes to the miniſter of Marlborough, who ſeeing his dreſs, and finding he could talk Latin, made no doubt but he was ſome Oxford ſcholar, whoſe brain was turned, either by too much ſtudy, or ſome misfortune; he therefore talked to him a great deal, endeavouring to find out the cauſe, telling him, that though he was unfortunate now, things might go better with him hereafter: but he could get nothing but incoherent anſwers from him: however, he gave him half a crown; from hence he goes to Market Lavington, where he likewiſe deceived the miniſter; and going forwards to Warminſter, he met with Dr. 'Squire, and his brother the Archdeacon of Bath, who both took him for an Oxford ſcholar, whoſe brain was turned, and relieved him as ſuch.

The next morning he goes in the ſame dreſs to Mr. Groves, at Wincaunton, and from thence to the Rev. Mr. Birt's at Sutton, at both which places he was much pitied, and handſomely relieved: he then ſteers for Somerton, and goes to the Rev. Mr. Dickenſon there; but this maſk would not avail him here, for the parſon diſcovered him through it; but he deſired him to keep it ſecret till he was gone out of town, which he accordingly did; he therefore went boldly to the Rev. Mr. Keat, and pretended to be a ſcholar of Baliol College, which Mr. Keat believing, and pitying his condition, gave him a crown.

Next day he goes to Bridgewater in the ſame habit, and from thence to Sir Charles Tynte's at Haſwell: going into the court, he was met by the Rev. Mr. Standford, who immediately knew him, and accoſted him with, How do you do, friend Carew? Soon after which came Sir Charles, who accoſted him in the ſame manner. Mr. Standford and he made themſelves very merry at the character he had aſſumed: Well, ſays Sir Charles, we will make you drink

drink, but unleſs you can deceive my Beſs (ſo he was pleaſed to call his lady) you ſhall have nothing of me; but whatever ſhe gives, I'll double it: he was then ordered into the hall, and exchanged his cap for a hat with one of the ſervants; after waiting ſome time Lady Tynte came down: it will be proper to obſerve, that this Lady, though of a very charitable diſpoſition to her poor neighbours, having been often deceived by Mendicants, and finding few of them deſerving of her charity, had reſolved to relieve no unknown object of charity, however pauſible their tale; but our hero, depending upon his art, was not afraid to except of Sir Charles's challenge; from the ſervant's hall he watched a proper opportunity of accoſting the lady, and ſhe paſſed and repaſſed ſeveral times before he could ſpeak to her; at laſt, ſeeing her ſtanding in the hall, talking with Sir Charles, he came behind her, and accoſted her with "God bleſs you, moſt gracious lady; the lady turning about, aſked him pretty haſtily, from whence he came? I am a poor unfortunate man, replied he, who was taken by two French privateers, coming from Boſton, and carried to Bolougne; where we were teized day and night to enter into the French ſervice, but refuſed to do it. And how got you from thence? aſked the lady. We took an opportunity of breaking out of the priſon, and ſeized upon a fiſhing boat in the harbour, with which we got ſafe to Limington, being in all 25 of us, where we ſold our boat. What do you beg for then? if you ſold your boat, you muſt have money. Several of us were ſick, replied he, which was very expenſive. But what countryman are you? I am an Old England man, pleaſe you my lady, but I married, my wife in Wales. From what part, ſays my lady, who was a native of Wales herſelf. I married, replied he, one Betty Larkey, who lived with Sir John Morgan

Morgan, and afterwards with parſon Griffy, at Swanſey. Ay, did you marry Betty Larkey? How many children have you by her? Only one daughter, replied he. In the mean time Sir Charles and the parſon were ready to burſt with containing their laughter, to ſee how he managed my lady to bring her to; for his aſſertion of having married Betty Larkey, who was a countrywoman of my lady's and formerly known to her, was a loadſtone which preſently drew my lady's hand to her purſe, and then turning to Sir Charles, aſked if he had any ſmall money about him? I have none, replied Sir Charles, pretty bluntly, being ſcarce able to contain himſelf from burſting out into laughter; ſo ſhe went up ſtairs, and coming down, gave him two half crowns, and aſked him to eat and drink, going out herſelf to call the butler; in the mean time Sir Charles ſtepped nimbly into the ſervants hall and fetched the Oxford cap, which he put on Mr. Carew's head: my lady and the butler came in immediately after, and ſhe ſeeing the cap upon his head, cries out, God bleſs me, what, did you bring that from France? It is juſt like one of our Oxford ſcholar's caps. Ay, ſo it is indeed, my lady, replied Sir Charles; why don't you know who it is? It is Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew. Ay, ay, this is your doing Sir Charles, ſaid the lady, and went away ſomething diſguſted at the trick which had been put upon her. Sir Charles was as good as his word, in doubling the money my lady gave, and Parſon Standford gave him half a crown.

Some time after this, he called upon the Miſs Hawkers, of Thorn, near Yeovil, who treated him very hoſpitably, and enquired what news he heard, it being in the late Rebellion. Whilſt he was talking with them, he obſerved a new houſe almoſt oppoſite, and enquiring who lived there, they told him one

Parſon

Parſon Marks, a Diſſenting Teacher; upon which, taking leave of the ladies, he ſteps over the way, and knocks boldly at the door, which was ſoon opened by parſon Marks himſelf: Sir, ſays Mr. Carew, pulling off his hat, and accoſting him with a demure countenance, I am come two miles out of my road on purpoſe to wait upon you; I believe Sir, you are acquainted with my brother, Mr. John Pike of Tiverton, Teacher of a Diſſenting congregation in that place: and you have undoubtedly heard ſomething of his brother, Roger Pike, which unfortunate man I am, having been taken priſoner coming from Boſton in New England, by two French privateers, and carried into Boulogne, where we were cruelly treated. Alack, alack, ſays the Parſon, pray walk in, good Mr. Roger: I am indeed very well anquainted with that worthy ſervant of God, your brother, Mr. John Pike, and a gracious man he is: I have likewiſe heard him mention his brother Roger: He then ordered ſome victuals and drink to be brought out for good Mr. Roger Pike, while he was eating he enquired, how he got from Boulogne? He replied, that twenty five of them had broke priſon, and ſeized upon a veſſel in the harbour, by which he had got ſafe to the Engliſh coaſt. Well, Mr. Roger, ſays the Parſon, what news did you hear in France? It is reported there, replies he, that the rebels are very powerful in Scotland, and that great numbers are gone over to them ſafe from France. Stop a little Mr. Roger, cries the parſon; and running up ſtairs, ſoon after comes down with a letter in his hand, which he read to Mr. Pike, wherein it was ſaid, the rebels were wonderfully powerful; then ſhaking his head very ſorrowfully, cried, Indeed, Mr. Pike, I cannot be at eaſe, for they ſay they will make us examples, on account of the 30th of January. Never fear them, Sir, ſaid Mr. Carew, we ſhall be a match

of

for them in Devonſhire and Cornwall. I am afraid not, cries the Parſon, ſhaking his head again, I have had no reſt for thinking of them theſe ſeveral nights paſt. After ſome further diſcourſe, he fetched Mr. Pike a good Holland ſhirt, and clapped half a guinea into his hand, entreating him to take a bed with him that night, for that he ſhould be heartily welcome: but he deſired to be excuſed, and took his leave with many thanks, returning to Miſs Hawkers again. Well, Mr. Carew, cries the ladies, you have had a long conference with the Parſon. Ay, ay replied he, and to good purpoſe too, for this ſhirt and half a guinea are the fruits of it; and then told them in what manner he had deceived the Parſon which made them laugh very heartily: they then gave him a crown, and promiſed to keep Mr. Pike's ſecrets for a day or two.

A few days after the Parſon going over to ſee the ladies, they aſked him if a poor ſeaman had been at his houſe? Yes, replied the Parſon, it was one Roger Pike, whoſe brother had a congregation in Tiverton, and whom I am very well acquainted with. And did you give him any thing? Yes, I gave him a ſhirt, and half a guinea: and we gave him a crown ſaid the ladies, not as being Roger Pike, but as Mr. Bampfylde Moore Carew. At which the Parſon was in a very great hurry, and would ſcarce be convinced but that it was old Roger Pike. Thus had Mr. Carew the happy art of ſuiting his eloquence to every temper and every circumſtance: for his being brother to the good Mr. Pike of Tiverton, was as powerful a loadſtone to attract Parſon Marks, as his marrying Betty Larkey had been to lady Fynte. From hence he goes to Parſon White's at Coker, where he found Juſtice Proctor: here he paſſed for an unforunate ſailor, who had been caſt away coming from the Baltic, and was now travelling to his native

native place, Tintagel in Cornwall. Parſon White aſked who was miniſter there? He replied, one Atkins was curate, and that there was no other there at that time. The Juſtice aſked him but few queſtions, but told him he ought to have had a paſs, and aſked where he landed? and he replying at Dover: Had you a paſs then from the Mayor there? We had one, ſaid he, very readily, but ſome of our company being ſick, and myſelf healthy, I let them have the paſs, and came forwards by myſelf, they not being able to travel ſo faſt. Why then, ſays the Juſtice, you are liable to be taken up as a vagrant for begging without a paſs; however, we will relieve you, and if you call upon gentlemen only, they will ſcarcely moleſt you. He returned them a great many thanks for this civility, and then went to a tanner's hard by, where he changed his ſtory, and paſſed for a bankrupt tanner: here he was likewiſe relieved, as he touched upon the right ſtring; for had he paſſed here for an unfortunate ſailor, probably his eloquence would have had no effect.

From hence he goes to the Parſon of Eaſt Chinnock, whom he told, that he belonged to a man of war, in which his brother was Lieutenant. It being then about dinner time, the Parſon aſked him if he could eat ſea proviſions, ſuch as pork and peaſe, which he accepting, they ſat down together, and had a great deal of diſcourſe about the Lieutenant. Next he goes to Madam Phillips's of Montacute, where happened to be Parſon Bower of Mattock, who aſked him, if he knew one Bamptylde Moore Carew; Sir, replies he, I am one of Tintagel in Cornwall, and know the Carews there very well and have heard of the wanderer you ſpeak of, who I'm told is a great dog-ſtealer, but know not what is become of him: for ſome ſay he is hanged, and others that he is drowned. God forbid he ſhould be hanged, cries

the Parſon, upon account of his family: and after ſome other queſtions, he was relieved with ſixpence. Leaving Montacute, he goes forward to Yeovil, having appointed to meet his wife and daughter at the ſign of the Boot, in Sherborne; and from Yeovil to 'Squire Helliar's at Leweſton, who treated him very handſomely, and would have had him ſtay there all night, but he excuſed himſelf, being impatient to ſee his wife and daughter.

As ſoon as he came to Sherborne, he goes to his uſual quarters, the ſign of the Boot, where he enquired for his wife and daughter; but how was he thunderſtruck, when he was told they were in hold at Webb's the bailiff: he enquired for what reaſon; and was informed, that four officers had been walking all through the town to take up all ſtrangers, ſuch as chimney ſweepers, tinkers, pedlars, and the like. What could our hero do? he revolved it over and over in his mind, and at length determined to go to Webb's, reſolving either to free his wife and daughter, or elſe to ſhare their fate: when he came there, he aſked to ſee the priſoners, and demanded upon what account they had apprehended his wife, as ſhe had neither ſtolen, nor begged in the town; this occaſioned high words and ended in blows: long did our hero maintain an equal fight with great valour: at length, being overpowered with numbers, he fell, but not till his aſſailants had felt the force of his arms. He was kept in ſafe cuſtody that night, and the next morning taken with the reſt of the priſoners before Thomas Medlycott, Eſq, at Milborn Port: here they were all examined, and all maintained their profeſſions to be extremely uſeful: the chimney ſweeper alledged he preſerved houſes from taking fire, whereby he ſaved whole towns, and conſequently was an uſeful member to his country; the tinker harangued on the uſefulneſs of kettles, braſs pans

pans, frying pans, &c. and of consequence what use he was of to the public; and our hero declared he was the famous Mr. Bampfylde Moore Carew and had served his king and country both by sea and land.

The Justice thought proper to send these useful men to their respective parishes, at the public charge; accordingly Mr. Carew, his wife and daughter, were ordered to be conducted to Bickley in Devonshire. The Sherborne people waited on them to Yeovil, where they were delivered to the care of the chief magistrate. The next day horses being provided, they set out for Thomas Proctor's Esq; at Coker: but he refusing to sign the pass, they proceeded to Axminster, where the magistrate refused to receive them, on account of the pass not being signed: upon which they would have left Mr. Carew, but he insisted upon being attended to the end of his journey; they therefore adjourned to Mr. Tucker's, about two miles from Axminster, who asked him if he had a mind to have his attendance dismissed, or chose to have their company to Bickley; and he replying that he did not chuse to have them dismissed, Mr. Tucker signed the warrant, and our hero with his wife and daughter, rode all the way very triumphantly into Bickley, where as soon as they arrived, the bells were set a ringing, and great joy spread through all the place.

Mr. Carew remained some time at Bickley, but fresh news arriving every day of the progress of the rebels, that insatiable curiosity which had always actuated his breast, prompted him to go and see the army of the rebels: he therefore, taking his leave of his wife and daughter, though they intreated him with tears not to go to the north, made the best of his way towards Edinburgh.

After some days travel, Mr. Carew arrived at the

city of Edinburgh, which lies in a ſort of a valley between two hills, one of which is called Saliſbury Craigs, the other makes the foundation of the caſtle. It is ſtrongly walled, and adorned with public and private buildings. At the extremity of the eaſt end of the city, ſtands the palace of Holyrood-Houſe; leaving which a little to the left, you come through a populous ſuburb, to the entrance, called the Water Port. From hence, turning weſt, the ſtreet goes in a ſtraight line through the whole city to the caſtle, which is above a mile in length, and is ſaid by the Scots to be the largeſt and fineſt ſtreet, for buildings and number of inhabitants, in Europe.

CHAP. XI.

Goes to Briſtol again—Affects to be a Supercargo—Raves like a Methodiſt about Grace—Goes to Rye in Suſſex—Steals a Parſon's Dog—Becomes a Magician—Viſits the Parſon again, and takes away all his Dogs.

HERE Mr. Carew met the rebels, but having no mind to join them, he pretended to be very ſick and lame; however he accoſted them with "God bleſs you, noble gentlemen!" and the rebels moving on to Carliſle, he hopped after them, and from thence to Mancheſter, and here had a ſight of the Pretender's Son, and other commanders. He afterwards accompanied them to Derby, where a report was ſpread, that the Duke of Cumberland was coming to fight them; upon which their courage failing, though the Pretender's ſon was for fighting, they retreated back to Carliſle: upon which he thought

thought it time to leave them, and homewards on his crutches, taking care to change his note to "God bless King George, and the brave duke William!" Coming into Bristol, he accidentally met with one Mr. P——, an apothecary, who had formerly known him at St. Mary Ottery, in Devon; Mr. P—— was very glad to see him, and took him to a tavern, where he treated him very handsomely, and then sent for his wife, sister, and other friends, to come and see him; they were all highly pleased to see a man they had heard so much talk of, and after spending some hours very merrily with him, they would have him try his fortune in that city, but to take care of the mint. Accordingly he goes away to a place of rendezvous of the brothers of the Mendicant Order in Temple-street, and there equips himself in a very good suit of clothes, then goes upon the Exchange as the supercargo of a ship called the Dragon, which had been burnt by lightning off the Lizard Point. By this story he raised a very handsome contribution of the merchants and captains of vessels, it being well known that such a ship had been burnt in the manner he described. He then returned to his friend Mr. P——, the apothecary, and knocking at the door, asked if he was at home; upon which Mr. P—— comes forth, and not knowing him again in his supercargo's dress, made him a very low bow, and desired him to walk in. Mr. Carew asked, if he had any fine salve, for that he had met with an accident, and burnt his elbow; upon which Mr. P—— runs behind his counter, and reaches down a pot of salve, desiring, with a great deal of complaisance, the favour of looking at his elbow; he then discovered himself, which occasioned no little diversion to Mr. P—— and his family, who made him very welcome.

Going back to his quarters, he lays aside his fine-

ry, and dreſſes himſelf more meanly, like a labouring mechanic: and then going out into the ſtreets, acts the madman, talking in a raving manner about Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Weſtley, as though he was diſordered in his mind by their preaching; calling, in a furious manner, every ſtep, upon the Virgin Mary, Pontius Pilate, and Mary Magdalen, and acting every part of a man religiouſly mad: ſometimes walking with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and then of a ſudden, breaking out into ſome paſſionate expreſſions about religion: this behaviour greatly excited the curioſity and compaſſion of the people, ſome of whom talked to him, but he anſwered every thing they ſaid in a wild and incoherent manner: and as compaſſion is generally the fore-runner of charity he was relieved by moſt of them.

The next morning he appeared in a morning-gown, ſtill acting the madman, and carried it ſo far now, as to addreſs himſelf to all the poſts in the ſtreets, as if they were ſaints, lifting up his hands and eyes in a fervent, though diſtracted manner, to heaven, and making uſe of ſo many extravagant geſtures, that he aſtoniſhed the whole city. Going through Caſtle-ſtreet, he met the Reverend Mr. B——e, a miniſter of that place, whom he accoſted with his arms thrown round him: and inſiſted in a raving manner he ſhould tell him who was the father of the morning ſtar? which frightened the parſon ſo much, that he took to his heels and ran for it, he running after him, till he took ſhelter in a houſe.

Having well recruited his pocket by this ſtratagem he left the city next day, and travelled towards Bath, acting all the way the madman, till he came there, as ſoon as he arrived there, he enquired for Dr. Coney's, and being directed to his houſe, found two brother mendicants at the door: after they had waited

waited ſome time, the ſervant brought out each of them a halfpenny, for which his brother mendicants were very thankful; but Mr. Carew gave his halfpenny to one of them, then knocking at the door, and the maid coming out again, tell your maſter, ſays he, I am not a halfpenny man, but that my name is Bampfylde Moore Carew, King of the Mendicants, which being told, the Doctor came out with one of his daughters, and gave him ſixpence and a mug of drink, for which he returned them thanks.

The next day he went to Mr. Allen's ſeat, near Bath, and ſent in a petition as from a poor lunatic, by which he got half a crown. From hence he makes the beſt of his way to Shepton Mallet, and calling at Mr. Hooper's, and telling the ſervant who he was, Mrs. Hooper ſent for him in, and enquired if he was really the famous Mr. Bampfylde Moore Carew, then gave him half a crown, and ordered him to be well entertained. At Shepton Mallet our hero had the pleaſure of meeting with his beloved wife, to their mutual joy and ſatisfaction; and finding ſeveral brethren of the order there, they paſſed ſome days together with much mirth and harmony.

Coming near Rye in Suſſex, he met two of his mendicant ſubjects, who acquainted him, there was no entering Rye but with extreme hazard to his perſon, upon account of the ſeverity which Mr. Mayor exerciſed towards all of their community: Mr. Carew's wife hearing this, entreated him, in the moſt tender manner, not to venture into the town: but his great heart always ſwelled when any thing hazardous preſented, and as he was willing to ſhew his ſubjects by example, that nothing was too difficult for induſtry and ingenuity to overcome, he was reſolved to enter Rye: which he did with a very ſlow, feeble, and tottering pace, ſtopped every minute by the moſt violent fits of coughing

coughing, whilſt every limb ſhook with an univerſal palſy, his countenance appearing rather to be the property of ſome one among the dead than to belong to any living body: in this manner he creeped along to the Mayor's houſe, and, in a moſt lamentable moan, begged ſome relief. Mr. Mayor ſeeing ſo deplorable a figure, ſaid, he was indeed a real object of pity, and therefore gave him a ſhilling, and liberty to go thro' the town; which he did with no little profit, and with great applauſe from the mendicants when they heard of his ſucceſs.

Steering from hence to Dungeneſs he found a veſſel ready to ſail for Boulogne, on board of which he embarked, and landed ſafe at Boulogne, which he found ſo thronged with Engliſh ſoldiers, (it being ſoon after the reducing of the army) that had he not known to the contrary, he ſhould have thought himſelf in ſome town in England: ſome of the ſoldiers knowing him, cried out, Here's Mr. Bampfylde Moore Carew; upon which they took him along with them to their quarters, and they paſſed the day very merrily: the ſoldiers expreſſed great diſcontent at their being diſcharged, ſwearing, they would never come to England any more; ſaying, if they had not come over there, they ſhould have been either ſtarved or hanged; he enquired how they lived in France; they replied, never better in their lives. From Boulogne he ſets off for Calais, where he likewiſe found a great multitude of Engliſh ſoldiers, and more were daily coming in: whilſt he was here, the Duke of Richmond arrived in his way to Paris, who, ſeeing ſo many Engliſh ſoldiers, aſked ſome of them, why they came there: To which they replied, they ſhould have been either ſtarved or hanged if they had ſtaid in England. Mr. Carew intended to have paid his reſpects to his Grace, but had no opportunity. Soon after, Mr. Carew being

taken

taken very ill, was obliged to deſiſt from his intended deſign of making a tour through France, Germany, &c.

He therefore took a paſſage in the packet boat from Calais, and landed at Dover; from thence went to Folkſtone, where he got a paſs and relief from the Mayor, under the name of John Moore, a native of St. Ives, in Cornwall, who had been caſt away on the coaſt of France, in a veſſel coming from Ireland. Having bore this character as long as ſuited his inclinations he metamorphoſes himſelf again, and appears in quite a different ſhape; he now wore a full handſome tie wig, but a little changed by age; a good beaver hat, but ſomewhat ruſty; a fine broad-cloth coat, but not quite of the neweſt faſhion, and not a little faded in its colour. He was now a gentleman of an ancient family, and good eſtate, but reduced by a train of uncommon misfortunes: his venerable looks, his dejected countenance, the viſible ſtruggles between the ſhame of aſking, and his neceſſity which forced him to it, all operated to move the pity of thoſe he applied to, which was generally ſhewn by handſome contributions, for few could think of offering mites to a gentleman of ſo ancient a family and who had formerly lived ſo well; and indeed how much ſoever we may envy the great in their proſperity, we are as ready to relieve them in their misfortunes.

Mr. Carew happening to be in the city of Wells, in Somerſetſhire, on a Sunday, was told the Biſhop was to preach that morning; upon which he ſlips on a black waiſtcoat and morning gown, and runs out to meet the Biſhop, as he was walking in proceſſion, addreſſing himſelf to his Lordſhip as a poor unhappy man, whoſe misfortunes had turned his brains, which the Biſhop hearing, gave him half a crown. From Wells he ſteered to Bridgewater, where he did

not

not appear in the day time, but went only in the evenings, upon his crutches, as a poor lame man, not being known by any one till he diſcovered himſelf.

Hearing here that young Lord Clifford, his firſt couſin, (who was juſt returned from his travels abroad) was at his ſeat at Callington, about four miles from Bridgewater, he reſolved to pay him a viſit. In his way thither lived one Parſon C——, who being one whom nature had made up in a hurry without a heart, Mr. Carew had never been able to obtain any thing of him, even under the moſt moving appearance of diſtreſs, but a cup of ſmall drink. Calling now in his way, he found the Parſon was gone to Lord Clifford's, and being ſaluted at the door by a fine black ſpaniel, with almoſt as much cruſtineſs as he would have been had his maſter been at home, he thought himſelf under no ſtronger obligation of obſerving the ſtrict laws of honour, than the Parſon did of hoſpitality; therefore he ſoon charmed the croſſneſs of the ſpaniel, and made him follow him to Bridgewater; for it is pretty remarkable, "That the art has been found of taming the moſt ſavage and ill-natured brutes, which is generally attended with ſucceſs; but it requires a much higher ſkill, and is but ſeldom ſucceſsful, to ſoften the ill nature and inhumanity of man: whether it is that the brutes are more capable of receiving inſtruction, or whether the ill nature of man exceeds that of the brutes, we cannot well determine." Having ſecured the ſpaniel, and paſſed the night merrily in Bridgewater, he ſet out again the next morning for Lord Clifford's, and in his way called upon the Parſon again, who very cruſtily told him, he had loſt his dog, and ſuppoſed ſome of his gang had ſtolen him; to which Mr. Carew very calmly replied, what was he to his dog, or what was his dog to him?

if he would make him drink, it was well, for he was very dry: at last, with the use of much rhetoric, he got a cup of small drink; then taking leave of him, he goes to the Red Lion in the same parish, where he staid some time. In the mean time down runs the Parson to my Lord Clifford's, to acquaint him Mr. Carew was in the parish, and to advise him to take care of his dogs; so that Mr. Carew coming down immediately after, found one servant with one dog in his arms, another with another; here one stood whistling, and another calling, and both my Lord and his brother were running about to seek after their favourites.

Mr. Carew asked my Lord, "what was the meaning of this hurry, and if his dogs were cripples, because he saw several carried in the servant's arms? adding, he hoped his Lordship did not imagine he was come to steal any of them:" upon which my Lord told him, "Parson C—— had advised him to be careful, as he had lost his spaniel but the day before." It may be so, replied he, "but the Parson knows but little of me, or the laws of our community, if he is ignorant, that with us ingratitude is unknown, and the property of our friends always sacred." My Lord hearing this, entertained him very handsomely, and both himself and his brother made him a present.

There being about this time a great fair at Bridgewater, in the county of Somerset, Mr. Carew appeared there upon crutches as a poor miserable cripple, in company with many of his subjects that were full as unfortunate as himself, some blind, some deaf some dumb, &c. among whom were his old friends and school-fellows, Martin, Escort, and Coleman. The Mayor of that corporation, a bitter enemy to their community, jocosely said, he would make the blind see, the deaf hear, and the lame walk: and

by

by way of preparation or beginning to this intended cure, he had them all apprehended, and confined in the dark-houſe, which greatly terrified them with the apprehenſion of ſevere puniſhment. After one night's repoſe in limbo, he ſends a phyſician or ſurgeon of moſt profound ſkill and judgment to them, who brought the keys of their melancholy apartment, and pretending greatly to befriend them, adviſed them, if there were any of them counterfeits, to make haſte out of the town, or otherwiſe they muſt expect no mercy from the Mayor, unknown to whom he had privately ſtolen the keys; then unlocking the door, forth iſſued the diſabled and infirm priſoners, the lame threw aſide their crutches and artificial legs, and made an exceeding good uſe of their natural ones; the blind make ſhift to ſee the way out of town: and the deaf themſelves, with great attention hearken to this their friend, and follow his advice with all poſſible ſpeed; the Mayor, with ſeveral aldermen and gentlemen, planted themſelves oppoſite the priſoners, and were ſpectators of this diverting ſcene, calling out to ſtop them, not with an intention to do them any prejudice, but only of adding a ſpur to their ſpeed; however, there were ſome who were ready enough to lay hold on them, and Mr. Carew, in a ſtruggle of this nature, left a ſkirt of his garment behind him, which might be done without much violence, for we may reaſonably conclude it to have been none of the ſoundeſt; and Coleman was ſo cloſely purſued, that he plunged into the river and ſwam to the oppoſite ſhore; in ſhort, ſo well did theſe cripples ply their limbs, that not one of them could be taken, excepting a real object, a lame man, who, in ſpite of the fear and conſternation he was in, could not mend his decrepid pace: he therefore was brought before the Mayor, who after ſlightly rebuking him for his vagrant courſe of life, ordered him

to be relieved in a very plentiful and generous manner and the whole corporation was exceeding kind to him.

One method of gaining his ends Mr. Carew had peculiar to himself; he used with great intent to read the inscriptions on tombs and monuments in church yards, and when the deceased person had a character of piety and charity, he would with the greatest importunity, apply to his or her surviving relations; and if they refused an alms, he would, in the most moving terms imaginable, implore their charity for the sake of their deceased relation, hoping they would follow the laudable and virtuous example of their dead husband, wife, father, mother, or the like, hoping there was the same God, the same spirit of piety, religion, and charity, still dwelling in the house as before the death of the person deceased; these and the like expressions, uttered in a most suppliant and pathetic voice, used to extort, not only handsome contributions, but tears, from the persons to whom he applied.

Some time after this he engaged at Bruton in Somersetshire, in the character and habit of a seaman, cast away homeward bound from Newfoundland with a captain, who, by his great severity, had rendered himself the terror of all the Mendicant order, but he relying upon his perfect acquaintance with the country, boldly ventures up to him, gets the best entertainment his house afforded, and was hononrably dismissed with a considerable piece of money; captain H—ds—h and N——n, with both of whom Mr. Carew had sailed, were intimate acquaintance of this captain, of whom he asked many questions, as also of Newfoundland, which country trade he had used the most part of the time; to all which questions he gave very satisfactory answers. This captain had detected so many impostors, that he concluded they

were all so; but not being able to find Mr. Carew in any one error, he was very proud of it, pitied and relieved him in an extraordinary manner, went with him himself to the principal people in the town, wrote him letters of recommendation to his distant relations and friends that lay in his road, and acted with such extraordinary kindness, as if he thought he could never do enough: 'tis to be remarked, that he passed rather for a passenger than a seaman. In the same town lived Lord B——y, who had a son captain of the Antelope man of war, who was stationed in the West Indies, and died in the passage; Mr. Carew informed himself of every circumstance relating thereto, and made it his business to meet Lord B——y as he came out of church: after his first application, he gave his Lordship to understand that he was a spectator of the burial of his son on board the Antelope; at the same time came up this critical captain, who gave him the character of a man of great veracity, and his Lordship gave him a guinea, his eldest son half a crown, and good entertainment from the house. This happened to be a fair day: he thereupon going into the town, an apothecary whispered him in the ear, saying, he knew him to be the famous Bamptylde Moore Carew, and he had most grossly imposed upon the captain and the town, but at the same time assured him, that he would not prejudice him, but faithfully keep the secret: mean while there was an Irish quack doctor in view, that had gathered the whole market round him, who with more strength of lungs, than sense or argument, most loudly harangued, enterta ning them, in a most florid manner, with the sovereign virtues of his pills, plaisters, and self: and so far did he impose upon them, as to vend his packets pretty plentifully, which the apothecary could not forbear beholding with an envious eye, and jocular-

ly

ly aſked Mr. Carew, if he could not help him to ſome revenge upon this dangerous rival and antagoniſt of his: which he promiſed him to do.

Accordingly, he got a little vial, and filled it with ſpirits of turpentine; then mixing himſelf with the gaping auditory of this Iriſh itinerant phyſician, who was in the midſt of them, mounted on his ſteed, adorned with a pompous curb bridle, with a large parcel of all-curing medicines in his bags behind him, and was with a great deal of confidence and ſucceſs, Eſculapius like, diſtributing health around him: (we muſt obſerve that our phyſician had taken his ſtand among the ſtalls of orange and gingerbread merchants, ſhoemakers, glovers, and other ſuch retailers.

Mr. Carew therefore approaching him, plants himſelf cloſe by the horſe, and wetting his fingers with the ſpirits, reſts his hands upon the rump of the ſteed, as any unconcerned perſon might have done; at the ſame time putting aſide the hair, he rubbed the turpentine upon the bare fleſh, which inſenſibly beginning to burn and ſmart, the afflicted quadrupede began to expreſs his ſenſe of pain, by flinging his hinder legs, gently ſhaking himſelf, and other reſtleſs motions, which made the poor mountebank wonder what was befallen his horſe; but the pain increaſing, the diſorderly behaviour of the ſteed increaſed proportionably, who now began to kick, prance, ſtand on end, neigh, immoderately ſhake himſelf, utterly diſregarding both his bridle and rider, and running a tilt againſt the ſtalls of oranges, gingerbread, ſhoes, gloves, breeches, &c. which he overthrew, and trampled under foot: this occaſioned a ſcramble among the boys for the eatables: and there were ſome who were but too unmerciful to the ſcattered goods of the poor ſhoemakers, and glovers, who, enraged by their ſeveral loſſes, began to curſe

were all so; but not being able to find Mr. Carew in any one error, he was very proud of it, pitied and relieved him in an extraordinary manner, went with him himself to the principal people in the town, wrote him letters of recommendation to his distant relations and friends that lay in his road, and acted with such extraordinary kindness, as if he thought he could never do enough: 'tis to be remarked, that he passed rather for a passenger than a seaman. In the same town lived Lord B——y, who had a son captain of the Antelope man of war, who was stationed in the West Indies, and died in the passage; Mr. Carew informed himself of every circumstance relating thereto, and made it his business to meet Lord B——y as he came out of church: after his first application, he gave his Lordship to understand that he was a spectator of the burial of his son on board the Antelope; at the same time came up this critical captain, who gave him the character of a man of great veracity, and his Lordship gave him a guinea, his eldest son half a crown, and good entertainment from the house. This happened to be a fair day: he thereupon going into the town, an apothecary whispered him in the ear, saying, he knew him to be the famous Bamptylde Moore Carew, and he had most grossly imposed upon the captain and the town, but at the same time assured him, that he would not prejudice him, but faithfully keep the secret: mean while there was an Irish quack doctor in view, that had gathered the whole market round him, who with more strength of lungs, than sense or argument, most loudly harangued, enterta ning them, in a most florid manner, with the sovereign virtues of his pills, plaisters, and self: and so far did he impose upon them, as to vend his packets pretty plentifully, which the apothecary could not forbear beholding with an envious eye, and jocular-

ly

ly aſked Mr. Carew, if he could not help him to ſome revenge upon this dangerous rival and antagoniſt of his: which he promiſed him to do.

Accordingly, he got a little vial, and filled it with ſpirits of turpentine; then mixing himſelf with the gaping auditory of this Iriſh itinerant phyſician, who was in the midſt of them, mounted on his ſteed, adorned with a pompous curb bridle, with a large parcel of all-curing medicines in his bags behind him, and was with a great deal of confidence and ſucceſs, Eſculapius like, diſtributing health around him: (we muſt obſerve that our phyſician had taken his ſtand among the ſtalls of orange and gingerbread merchants, ſhoemakers, glovers, and other ſuch retailers.

Mr. Carew therefore approaching him, plants himſelf cloſe by the horſe, and wetting his fingers with the ſpirits, reſts his hands upon the rump of the ſteed, as any unconcerned perſon might have done; at the ſame time putting aſide the hair, he rubbed the turpentine upon the bare fleſh, which inſenſibly beginning to burn and ſmart, the afflicted quadrupede began to expreſs his ſenſe of pain, by flinging his hinder legs, gently ſhaking himſelf, and other reſtleſs motions, which made the poor mountebank wonder what was befallen his horſe; but the pain increaſing, the diſorderly behaviour of the ſteed increaſed proportionably, who now began to kick, prance, ſtand on end, neigh, immoderately ſhake himſelf, utterly diſregarding both his bridle and rider, and running a tilt againſt the ſtalls of oranges, gingerbread, ſhoes, gloves, breeches, &c. which he overthrew, and trampled under foot: this occaſioned a ſcramble among the boys for the eatables: and there were ſome who were but too unmerciful to the ſcattered goods of the poor ſhoemakers, and glovers, who, enraged by their ſeveral loſſes, began to curſe

the Doctor and his Roſinante, who was all this while in a very irregular manner capering, roaring, and dancing among their oranges, panniers of eggs, &c. to the entire ruin of the huckſters, who now began to deal with very heavy blows, both on the unfortunate horſe, and his diſtreſſed maſter. This odd ſpectacle and adventure attracted the eyes and attention of the whole fair, who were all in an uproar, ſome laughing, ſome crying, (particularly the poor ſuffering pedlars) ſome fighting, and others moſt unmercifully curſing and ſwearing: to make ſhort of the ſtory, the doctor rode about the fair, without hat or wig, at the pleaſure and diſcretion of his horſe, among the ruined and overturned ſtalls, and the diſſipated mob, who concluded both the quack and his ſteed to be either mad or bewitched.

The quack being no longer able to keep his ſeat, fell headlong in the miry ſtreet: the horſe ran into a river, and rolled himſelf over ſeveral times, to the entire confuſion and ruin of the ineſtimable pills and plaiſters: the doctor employed a good farrier, and after ſome time the horſe came to himſelf again. The reader may very eaſily judge what glorious diverſion this was for the apothecary and Mr. Carew, who were ſpectators of the whole ſcene. And he was treated handſomely upon the account, not only by the apothecary, but all others of the ſame profeſſion in the town, and ſeveral other gentlemen.

Upon Mr. Carew's departure from Bruton, the generous captain befriended him with many recommendatory letters to his friends and acquaintance that lay in his road, as he pretended: nay indeed he was never out of it: thence he proceeded to Briſtol, and all other places where the letters were directed, and received ſeveral conſiderable pieces of money from many, on account of theſe letters, which were moſtly to captains of veſſels, and gentlemen that had

had been at ſea, with whom he ſeveral times paſſed muſter very well; it being by deſire of the captain, as was mentioned in the letter, that they examined him.

Sometimes he and his wife, in conjunction with Coleman and his wife, being all dreſſed very genteely paſſed for Gipſies of extraordinary knowledge and reputation: many a poor credulous unſuſpecting perſon became their prey, and many a good booty they got in almoſt every town of the countries of Cornwall and Devon. Once in particular, himſelf, Coleman and both their ſpouſes, being at Buckford-fleigh, near Exeter, one Collard, a wealthy, but ſimple ſhoemaker, comes to their quarters, to conſult them in a very intricate and important affair: he told them, "That it was the opinion of every body in the country, that, his grandmother had ſomewhere concealed very large ſums of money before her death, and that himſelf, by ſeveral dreams and viſions, was confirmed in the ſame opinion, and that he thought proper to adviſe with them upon the affair, not doubting but they, by the help of their profound learning and knowledge, for which they were ſo famous through the weſt, were capable of informing him in what particular place he might find this concealed treaſure, which if they would diſcover to him, he would give them thirty guineas."

Our magicians, after long deliberation and conſultation with their books, told him, "That if he would that night take a walk with one of them, he ſhould ſee the ſpirit of his grandmother; that he muſt not be afraid of the apparition, but follow it till it vaniſhed away, and in that individual ſpot of ground from which the ghoſt vaniſhed, there he would find the hidden treaſure.

In order for the execution of this ſcheme, Coleman put a woman's cap on his head, waſhed his

face, and ſprinkled meal on it while wet, ſtuck the broken pieces of a tobacco pipe between his teeth, and wrapping his body up in a white ſheet, plants himſelf in the road that Collard and Mr. Carew were to come; the moon at this time ſhone very bright, which gave an additional horror to the ſpectre, Mr. Carew, by virtue of his profound learning and myſterious ſcience, ſpoke to it in an unknown language, crying, Hike mort, buſh rumley to the foggy cull and ogle him in the muns; at which command the hobgoblin fiercely advances up to Collard, and with a moſt ghaſtly look ſtares him in the face; the poor ſhoemaker was greatly terrified hereat, trembled and ſhook as if a fit of the ague had been upon him, and creeping cloſe to Mr. Carew laid faſt hold of his clothes, imagining him of ſufficient power to protect him from this inſolent apparition; he bid the ghoſt hike to the vile, and would have perſuaded Collard to have followed his departing grandmother, in order to obſerve the particular place from which ſhe vaniſhed; but no perſuaſions could induce him to move from his ſide.

So back they returned to the alehouſe, and Mr. Carew (this method of conjuration miſcarrying through the ſhoemaker's fear) caſts a figure, and informs Criſpin that if he took up two or three planks of the floor of his little parlour, he ſhould there find the concealed treaſure, at the depth of about four feet: upon hearing this joyful news, the ſhoemaker inſtantly diſburſed the thirty guineas, highly extolling them as people of the profoundeſt ſkill that he had ever heard of, or converſed with: but whether he was of the ſame opinion when he came to dig for the treaſure we will not take upon us to ſay.

Happening to be in Brakeneſs, near Limington, in the character of a caſt away ſeaman, he went to the houſe of Mr. Haze, an eminent and wealthy Preſbyterian

Preſbyterian Parſon, of whom he begged in the moſt earneſt manner he was able, for God's ſake, with upliſted eyes and hands, and upon his bended knee, but could not with all his importunity and eloquence obtain a cruſt of bread, or a draught of ſmall beer: Mr. Carew, not uſed to be unſucceſsful, could by no means brook this churliſhneſs of the Parſon's and thought it highly neceſſary, for the benefit of his community, that it ſhould not go unpuniſhed. The Parſon was a great ſportſman, and had two fine grey-hounds, the one named Hector, the other Fly; two excellent ſpaniels, Cupid and Dido, and an admirable ſetting dog called Sancho; Mr. Carew therefore about twelve o'clock at night, pays a ſecond viſit to the Parſon's houſe, and brings away all theſe fine dogs with him. After which he ſent a letter to the Parſon to this purpoſe:

"Reverend Sir,

"YOU err, if you ſuſpect yourſelf to have been wronged of your dogs by any of your neighbours; the caſt away ſeaman, who begged ſo earneſtly of you to whom you would not vouchſafe a cruſt of bread, or a draught of beer, took them away, to teach you another time to behave to unfortunate ſtrangers more as becomes your profeſſion, and your plentiful circumſtances."

The Mayor of Weymouth, in Dorſetſhire, fared little better at his hands. This gentleman was an implacable enemy to all Mr. Carew's ſubjects; he therefore happened to be in that town, and overhearing the Mayor talking with a gentleman in the ſtreet that he was going to dine with captain Colloway, of Upway, he thought this a proper opportunity for taking ſome revenge of the mayor for the many indignations he had put on his ſubjects; having there-

fore

fore got intelligence what ſuits of clothes the Mayor had, and underſtanding he had a good ſnuff-coloured ſuit, he goes to his houſe, and informs the mayoreſs, that he was a ſeaman under misfortunes, had met with the Mayor as he was going to dinner with captain Colloway of Upway, and his worſhip had ſent him to her, giving him orders to receive his ſnuff-coloured ſuit; which the good natured gentlewoman hearing, without any ſcruple brought him the coat, waiſtcoat, and breeches.

Mr. Carew being in the city of Briſtol at a time when there was a hot preſs, wherein they not only impreſſed ſeamen, but able bodied landmen that they could any where meet with, which made one fly one way, and one another, putting the city into a great rout and conſternation: he among the reſt, knowing himſelf to have a body of a dangerous bigneſs, was willing to ſecure himſelf as effectually as he poſſibly could, greatly preferring his own eaſe to the intereſt and honour of his king; he therefore ſet his wife and landlady to work, who with all ſpeed and cleanlineſs made a great number of ſmall mutton pies, plum puddings, cheeſe-cakes and cuſtards, which Mr. Carew, in an ordinary female habit, hawks about the city, crying, Plum-pudding, plum-pudding, plum pudding; hot plum pudding, piping hot, ſmoaking hot, hot plum pudding, plum pudding, plum pudding, echoed in every ſtreet and corner, even in the midſt of the eager preſs gang, ſome of whom ſpent their penny with this maſculine pye-woman, and ſeldom failed to ſerenade her with many a complimented title of bitch and whore.

Going once to the Hot-wells, near the city, to vend his eatable merchandize, in his womans apparel, he met a luſty young ſailor, whom the preſs purſued very cloſely; to aſſiſt his ſpeed, he pulled off his jacket, and called to our pudding merchant to take

it

it, calling him by the reſpectful title and denomination of Mother; he took it up, and over hauling it, found in the pockets a large pair of ſilver buckles, between ſix and ſeven ſhillings in ſilver, and a very good handkerchief.

Coming by 'Squire Rhodes's ſeat near Kingſbridge in Devonſhire, and knowing the 'Squire had married a Dorſetſhire lady, he thought proper to become a Dorſetſhire man, and of Lyme, (which was the place of the lady's nativity) and applied himſelf to the 'Squire and his lady, whom he met both together, giving them to underſtand, that he was loſt in a veſſel belonging to Lyme; the 'Squire and lady gave him half a crown each, for country ſake, and very well entertained him at their houſe. This was in the morning.

Going from thence, he went to a public houſe called Malſton Croſs, about a quarter of a mile from the 'Squire's: he there fell into company with 'Squire Renolds, 'Squire Ford, Dr. Rhodes, brother to the 'Squire, and ſeveral other gentlemen, who were met there to make merry after a hunting match. In the afternoon there was a prodigious ſtorm of thunder, lightning, and rain, which continued ſeveral hours: in the midſt of this violent weather, he (being minded to clear his afternoon's expences) ſtrips off all his apparel, excepting a white night cap, ſhoes, and breeches, and goes to 'Squire Rhodes. Nothing could look with a more deplorable aſpect than this naked ſpectacle, in ſuch tempeſtuous weather: the tenant with pity regarding his wretched appearance, fetched him a ſhirt (as he thought) to cover his nakedneſs: but upon endeavouring to put it on, it proved to be a ſmock belonging to the good woman his wife, which afforded ſufficient diverſion to the 'Squire and his lady, who were looking out of the window; when calling to

him

him and enquiring from whence he came, he pretended to have been caſt away at Bigbury Bay, in the immediate violent tempeſt, in a veſſel belonging to Poole: 'Squire Rhodes ordered a Holland ſhirt, and a ſuit of broad cloth clothes to be given him, as alſo a hearty refreſhing dram; and then throwing him half a crown, diſmiſſed him, not in the leaſt ſuſpecting him to be the poor Lyme man, to whom himſelf and lady were ſo liberal in the morning. Having got this contribution, he returns to the public houſe, where the gentlemen waited for him, (for they were the principal occaſion of this laſt adventure) and being informed by him how he had fared, diverted themſelves exceedingly with the ſtratagem; and ſhortly after meeting 'Squire Rhodes, they diſcovered the impoſition, and very heartily bantered him thereupon.

Some time after this, Mr. Carew exerciſing his profeſſion at Moodbury (where 'Squire Rhode's father lived) among other houſes made his application to 'Squire Legaſſick's, where he by chance was viſiting. Mr. Carew knocked at the kitchen door, which being opened, he ſaw his old friend the 'Squire, who was then alone, and in a careleſs manner ſwinging his cane about; as ſoon as he began to tell his lamentable tale, Mr. Rhodes ſaid, "I was twice in one day impoſed on by that rogue, Bampfylde Carew, of whoſe gang you may very likely be; furthermore, I do not live here, but am a ſtranger. Mean time in comes 'Squire Legaſſick with a bottle of wine in his hand, giving Mr. Carew a private wink, to let him underſtand he knew him, and then very gravely enquired into the circumſtances of his misfortune, as alſo of the affairs and inhabitants of Dartmouth, from whence he pretended to have ſailed ſeveral times; of all which he gave a full and particular account; whereupon Mr. Legaſſick gave

him

him half a crown, and recommended him as a real object to Mr. Rhodes, who then made the ſame preſent, upon which Mr. Legaſſick burſt out laughing, and being aſked the reaſon thereof, he could not forbear telling him, even in Mr. Carew's preſence; and Mr. Rhodes finding himſelf thus a third time impoſed on, with a deal of good nature made himſelf merry therewith.

CHAP. XII.

Concluſion of Mr. Carew's Story, and his Succeſs in the Lottery.

ALTHOUGH the ſucceſs Mr. Carew generally met with, gave him infinite ſatisfaction, yet he could not help feeling ſome very uneaſy moments, when he reflected on the ſituation of his beloved wife and child; who, whatever glow of pride himſelf might feel in being by birth and education a gentleman, being conſcious that whenever he thought proper he could, by changing his appearance, re-aſſume that character; yet he was equally conſcious the caſe was quite different with them. The world without being too cenſorious, had a right to judge of objects as they repreſent themſelves to be; nor could the one be looked on but as the travelling mate, and the other as the offſpring of a wandering mendicant. He could eaſily diſcern that Mrs. Carew would have no diſlike to change that vagrant courſe of life for one more ſuitable to the manner in which ſhe had been brought up; and nature ſeemed to reproach him for the little reſpect he

ſhewed

ſhewed for the future happineſs of his daughter, in whom he could not obſerve the leaſt reliſh for her preſent ſituation.

Theſe cogitations often preſſed on his mind with ſuch influence, that at length he concluded on leaving the weſtern parts for ſome time, and try what ſucceſs the capital and its adjoining counties would afford him. He then communicated the matter to his wife, who, with the utmoſt ſatisfaction, came into the propoſal; nor was it with leſs joy received by his daughter Polly, whoſe little heart glowed with pleaſure at the hopes of being, at leaſt for a time, freed from a mode of living that in her ſoul ſhe deſpiſed. Having ſettled a correſpondence with his friend Coleman, who ſtaid in the country, our adventurer, his wife, daughter, and a young mendicant laſs, in the character of a ſervant, ſet out for London, as a private gentleman and his family, in the Exeter ſtage-coach, with another paſſenger: and who, reader, do you think he was? The celebrated Mr. St—k—y; a name, that in the annals of fame will be immortal, the actions of Alexander, and Mr. Carew himſelf ſhall be forgotten The lofty title of Prince of Uſurers and Oppreſſor of Mankind is a glorious appellation that fate has deſtined to illuſtrate the character of the immortal Mr. St—k—y.

Nothing material paſſed between our travellers till the ſecond day, when they began to be very ſociable, and Mr. Moore (the name of our hero now aſſumed), appeared ſo charming and engaging, that Mr. St—k—y could not ſufficiently admire her. As he ſat oppoſite her he could not keep his eyes off her. When he ſpoke to her he was full of compliments and gallantry. This was obſerved by Mr. Carew, who determined to ſee if he could draw blood from this old poſt. As his wife had an excel-

lent

lent voice, he desired her (to pass time) to favour them with a song; and now captivated the very soul of the usurer. It is to be observed, Mr. St—k—y had mentioned in conversation, his name and residence, and our hero had likewise informed him he was for London, having expectations of a place under government; but that his first business was to look out a small neat house, of moderate rent, in some genteel part of the town. The miser replied, he had one to let near Hanover-square, which he would engage there could be no objection to, as the place was agreeable, and the rent moderate, unless it was being ready furnished. Mr. Carew answered, so far from it being an objection, it was the very thing he desired. Mr. St—k—y rejoined, with joy, (having two subjects in view, love and avarice) that as the house was small, he should ask no more than the moderate rent of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum. Our enterprizing genius who fathomed his design, seemed not to make the least doubt of their according. Thus all parties, perfectly happy in each others acquaintance, agreeably past the time till the coach arrived at the inn; and as they were to set out early the next morning, Mr. Carew discharged the reckoning immediately after supper, as he had done throughout the journey; his fellow-traveller very prudently carrying barely cash enough about him to pay coach hire.

All being retired, our old lover could take no rest, so much did the lady's accomplishments, and the advantage he might make of his new tenant, engross his thoughts. In such agitation of spirits did he pass the night, that next morning he found himself out of order when called by the chamberlain: his companions understanding this, Mrs. Moore went to enquire after his health, and finding him rising, offered, as he had no appetite, to mull him

a little wine and bring him; this he took very kindly; and before he came down she brought it and some toast, for which he returned a thousand thanks, and in the extacy of gratitude, taking her by the hand, and looking languishingly at her, called her his benefactress, and amiable doctress.

Soon after finding himself much better, the coach set off, and reached London the next evening; where Mr. Moore's family for a few days lodged at the inn; and the old bachelor promising to wait on them in the morning, went home. Accordingly he was with them early, when, after eating a good breakfast, they all set out to see the house, which being found quite agreeable, and the rent finally fixed on, the landlord was invited to a genteel dinner at the inn, and he was too polite to refuse his company, particularly as Mrs. Moore pleasantly told him she must not be denied. After dinner an attorney was sent for, and instructions given to draw a pair of leases for two seven years; and the evening spent very convivially, the 'squire paying the shot, which, with seeming reluctance, was complied to.

In a few days Mr. Carew took possession of his new habitation, and having settled, to appearance the plan of a private family, soon found in London opportunities of exercising his ingenuity. It would be endless to relate the various characters he assumed, and the numerous projects he formed, in which he seldom failed failed of the success proposed.

The general election approaching, we may be sure Mr. Carew missed not so fine an opportunity of exercising his abilities———what pleasure he met with—what noble entertainments he partook of—and what contributions he raised under the various characters he appeared in through the numerous counties, cities, and boroughs of the kingdom, during this epocha of universal licentiousness, would be

be endleſs to relate; for as the celebrated Homer on another occaſion ſings,

To count them all demands a thouſand tongues,
A throat of braſs and adamantine lungs.

The electioning ſeaſon over, on his return to town he travelled as a rat-catcher, and calling one day at a gentleman's houſe to know if they had any buſineſs in his way, he was ſuddenly ſurrounded by all the ſervant men and maids, and hauled into the houſe. The maſter was a young gentle man, a ſportſman, juſt come to his eſtate and newly in commiſſion for the peace, having lately had his turkeys ſtolen by two looſe raſcals who long hung about the neighbourhood, was become a bitter enemy to any that had the appearance of vagrants; with malignant joy he ſurveyed our rat-catcher, and inſtantly ordered his mittimus; in vain were his proteſtations of innocence, his profeſſion was guilt ſufficient, till the gardener, who had a glimpſe of the rogues with their booty croſſing the garden, aſſured his maſter he was not one of them: this ſomewhat molified him. At length, at the interceſſion of his mother, to whom he was a very dutiful ſon, he diſcharged him, but with the ſevereſt threats if ever he appeared in thoſe parts again. Gladly he decamped, and about half a mile off, going by a large grove, he heard ſeveral ſhrieks, and many horrid oaths. Naturally undaunted, he ſprang into the grove, and ſoon ſaw a lady on the ground, and a ruffian pulling at her necklace, and at a ſmall diſtance another with a great knife ſtruggling with a young woman; the former with one blow he laid ſenſeleſs by the lady; then advancing to the other, who on his approach let go the girl, and with all his force, threw his knife at him, and darting through the wood eſcaped;

the girl then begged him to go to the aſſiſtance of the lady, whom they ſoon brought out of the ſwoon the fright occaſioned. The maid now informed him, her miſtreſs, who was ſiſter to th 'ſquire from whoſe houſe he was juſt come, and herſelf amuſing themſelves with gathering primroſes, were attacked by theſe villains: mean time the fellow knocked down recovering, was attempting to riſe, when Mr. Carew ſtepping to him, and ſeeing the lady's watch, made him refund it and her purſe, which he had alſo got, and then ſuffered him to purſue his comrade; theſe he delivered to the lady, who inſiſted on his keeping the purſe, in which was a few guineas and ſome ſilver, entreating him to ſee her ſafe home, dreading meeting them again. This was willingly complied with, notwithſtanding the threats of his worſhip; on approaching the houſe, one of the maids ſeeing them, runs into the parlour, exclaiming, Lord, ſir, here is the rat catcher again! The devil he is, cried the 'ſquire,—The impudence of the dog—I muſt commit him I find. But, ſir, Miſs Harriott and Judith are with him. What does the woman mean? anſwered he. You are either mad or drunk. Miſs Harriot now entered, and relating the affair, the rat catcher was ſent for into the room, and after many acknowledgments, as he dearly loved his ſiſter, he preſented him with twenty guineas, and the good old lady five more, entertained him nobly; and the 'ſquire told him, for the future he ſhould learn to eſteem men by their real merit, not their outward appearance.

Mr. Carew returning to town, and hearing a charity ſermon was to be preached by a Right Reverend Biſhop, reſolved to attend as a poor miſerable cripple, not doubting of coming in for a ſhare of public benevolence. The learned prelate, whoſe text was, "From thoſe to whom much is given, much will be required;"

required;" not only called aloud to the pockets of the wealthy, but also for the exertion of those natural abilities that heaven endowed any one without a peculiar manner: with such energy did this pious divine press home his arguments, that Carew, who was all attention, could not but feel the force of them. On his return home he was absorbed in meditation, the discourse he heard had penetrated effectually. He reflected how idly he had spent the prime of life; that the good education heaven had vouchsafed him, he had only made use of it to disgrace his name, bring sorrow to his relations, and with more facility deceive and plunder his fellow creatures. These cogitations so continually wrought on him, that, recovering from a severe illness they threw him into, he took the resolution of resigning his Egyptian sceptre; writing therefore to Coleman to hasten to London, it was there concluded to call a general assembly, which being met, he declared his fixed purpose, in imitation of the emperor Charles V. to quit his government, and advised them to chuse the most deserving amongst them; that they should ever have his sincere affection and good wishes; but for himself, his resolution was taken, and all arguments to the contrary would be useless. The assembly finding him determined, reluctantly acquiesced; and he departed amidst the applauses and sighs of his subjects.

We are no longer to behold him as concerned with mendicants, to the joy of his wife and daughter; the former of whom had by this time such an ascendancy over her loving landlord, that his passion was visible to every one, it was therefore time to finish that business; accordingly late one evening, as he was declaring the vehemence of his love to her, on his knees, in the parlour, the husband, who was thought out of town, suddenly with his friend Cole-

man entering the room, ſeized him, and with his drawn ſword, threatened to run him through. Excuſes, prayers, and promiſes were vainly tried with the enraged husband, till Mr. Coleman, by ſeeming force, got away the ſword, making him promiſe to defer the matter till it could be diſcuſſed in the morning, and himſelf would ſit up with the poor gentleman, and try if no means might be hit on to end the buſineſs. This was at length complied with, the angry man and wife retiring, and ſleeping, for appearance ſake, in different beds. And two bottles of wine being put on the table, the other two ſat down to negociation; after long conſultation Mr. Coleman propoſed, as he underſtood the houſe and furniture were his, as the leaſt he could do for ſuch an injury, to convey the ſame to Mr. Moore on ſtopping all proceedings, this he did not rightly reliſh, but being convinced how, in caſe of excommunication, frequently the conſequence of *crim con.* he muſt not hope to call in his money, he agreed to the propoſal. In the morning a lawyer was ſent for, the buſineſs finiſhed, and the enamorato retired, determined to recover his loſs as ſoon as poſſible, from thoſe whom misfortune compelled to ſeek his friendſhip.

Our adventurer now ſpeculated in the lottery, and buying nine tickets, one came up 5000l. two 1000l each and one 20l. Fluſhed with ſucceſs, he tried the next year the ſame number, and one was 1000l, and one 50l. he tried the third time, and out of the nine, two were of 50l. the fourth year all nine were ——: perceiving fortune no longer favoured him, he would tempt her no further; and finding the air of the town not rightly to agree with him, and having by this time made his circumſtances quite eaſy, he retired in the weſtern parts to a neat purchaſe he made; and there ended his days beloved and eſteem-

ed by all; leaving his daughter (his wife dying ſome time before him) a genteel fortune; who ſince was married to a neighbouring young gentleman, and by the ſweetneſs of her behaviour and amiableneſs of her character, is a bleſſing to herſelf, a pattern to her acquaintance, and an honour to his family.

A DICTIONARY OF THE CANT LANGUAGE.

As the Language of the Community of Gypſies is very expreſſive, and different from all others, we think we ſhall do a pleaſure to the curious by annexing a ſhort ſpecimen of it.

ABRAM——naked without clothes, or ſcarce enough to cover the nakedneſs.

Ambidexter,——one that goes ſnacks in gaming with both parties; alſo a lawyer that takes fees of a plaintiff and defendant at once.

Autum,———a church: alſo married.

Autum bawler,——a preacher, or parſon, of any ſect.

Autum cacklers, or Autum prickears———diſſenters of any denomination.

Autum divers,——— church pickpockets; but often uſed for church-wardens, overſeers of the poor, ſidesmen, and others, who have the management of the poor's money.

Back'd,———dead.

Bandog,——a bailiff, or his follower; a ſerjeant or his yeoman, alſo a fierce maſtiff.

Balſam———money.

Barker,——a ſaleſman's ſervant that walks before the ſhop, and cries, Cloaks, coats, or gowns, what d'ye buy?

Barnacles,——a good job, or a ſnack eaſily got; alſo the irons wore in gaols by felons.

Battner,——an ox.

Baubee,——an halfpenny.

Beard ſplitter,———a whoremaſter, or a beadle

Ben,——a fooliſh fellow.

Bene darkmans,——— a good night.

Bingawaſt,——get you hence, be gone.

Bingomort——a female drunkard, a ſhe brandy drinker.

Black box,——a lawyer.

Black indies,——Newcaſtle, from whence the coals are brought.

Black ſpy,——the devil.

Blind cheek,———the breech.

Blower,——a miſtreſs, alſo a whore.

Borde,——a ſhilling

Bluffer,——a hoſt, innkeeper, or victualler.
Bone,——to apprehend, ſeize, take, or arreſt.
Bouncing cheat,——a bottle.
Bracket face,——ugly, bomely, ill favoured.
Buck's face,——a cuckold.
Bufe,——a dog.
Bull's eye,——a crown or five ſhilling piece.
Bung,——a purſe, pocket, or fob.
Burr,——a hanger on, or dependant.

Call,——a cloak, or gown.
Comeſa,——a ſhirt or ſhift.
Cank,——dumb.
Cannihen,——the plague.
Cap,——to ſwear.
Captain queernabs,——a fellow in poor clothes, or ſhabby.
Caravan,——a good round ſum of money about a man.
Caſe,——a houſe, ſhop, or warehouſe.
Caſter,——a cloak,
Cavalanied,——awkward; not dexterous, ready, or nimble.
Chanticlere,——a cock.
Chates,——the gallows.
Chatts,——lice.
Chive,——a knife, file, or ſaw.
Clank,——a ſilver tankard.
Coach wheel, or a fore coach wheel.——half a crown, a hind coach wheel, a crown or five ſhilling piece.
Cob ecolter,——a turnkey,
Colquarron,——a man's neck.
Commiſſion,——a ſhirt.
Comfortable impudence,——a wife.
Coſtard,——the head.
Cows baby,——a calf.
Crackmans,——hedges.
Croker,——a groat or fourpence.
Croppen,——the tail of any thing.
Cucumbers,——taylors.
Cuffin,——a man.
Culp,——a kick or blow.
Cup hot,——drunk.

Dace,——two pence.
Dag,——a gun.
Damber,——a raſcal.
Dancers,——ſtairs.
Darkmans,——night.
Daſh——a tavern drawer.
Daube,——a bribe or reward for ſecret ſervice.
Decus,——a crown or five ſhilling piece.
Degen,——a ſword.
Dimbermort,——a pretty wench.
Drumbelow,——a dull fellow.

Facer,——a bumper without lip room.
Families,——rings.
Famms,——hands.
Faſtener,——a warrant.
Flag,——a groat.
Flaſh,——a perriwig.
Flitcher,——a drinking glaſs.
Flyers,——ſhoes.
Ferret,——a pawnbroker or tradeſman, that ſells goods to young ſpendthrifts upon truſt at exceſſive rates, and then hunts them without mercy, and often throws them into gaol, where they periſh for their debt.
Flute,——the recorder of London, or any other town.

Flicking,——to cut, cutting, as flick me ſome panea and caſſan, cut me ſome bread and cheeſe.
Froglanders,——Dutchmen.
Framma cemm'd,——choaked, ſtrangled, or hanged.
Furmen,——aldermen.

Gage,——a pot or pipe.
Gan,——a mouth.
Gans,——the lips.
Gaoler's coach,——a hurdle.
Gem,——fire.
Gentry cove,——a gentleman.
George,——a half crown piece.
Gigger,——a door.
Glaziers,——eyes.
Glim,——a dark lanthorn.
Glimfenders,——hand irons.
Glimſtick,——a candleſtick.
Grannan gold——old hoarded coin.
Green bag,——a lawyer.
Grig,——a farthing.
Gropers,——blind men.
Gutter lane,——the throat.

Half nab,——at a venture, unſight unſeen, hit or miſs.
Half bord,——ſixpence.
Hams,——breeches.
Hamlet,——a high conſtable.
Hankeel,——a ſilly fellow, a mere cod's head.
Hanſen kelder,——jack in the box, the child in the womb, or a health to it.
Harman,——a conſtable.
Harmans,——the ſtocks.
Harmenbeck,——a beadle.
Hawk,——a ſharper.
Hazel geld,——to beat any one with a hazel ſtick, or plant.
Hearing cherts,——ears.
Heaver,——the breaſt.
Hell,——the place where the taylors lay up their cabbage, or remnants, which are ſometimes very large.
Hempen widow——one whoſe husband was hanged.
Henfright,——thoſe commanders and officers who are abſolutely ſwaved by their wives.
High tide,——when the pocket is full of money.
Hocus,——diſguiſed in liquor, drunk.
Hodmendods,——ſnails in their ſhells.
Hog grubber——a cloſe fiſted, narrow ſouled, ſneaking fellow.
Hop merchant,——a dancing maſter.
Hulverhead,——a ſilly fooliſh fellow.
Hunt box,——a pulpit.
Hummer,——a great lie, a rapper.
Humpty dumpty——ale boiled w th brandy.
Hums,——perſons at church.
Husbylour,——a job or guinea.

Jack Adams,——a fool.
Jarke,——a ſeal.
Jack a dandy,——a little, impertinent, inſignificant fellow.
Jack in a box,——a ſharper or cheat.
Jack at a pinch,——a poor hackney parſon
Jacobites,——ſhame, or collar ſhirts.
Jet,——a lawyer.
Au em jet,——a parſon.
Iron doublet——a parſon.

Itchland,——Scotland.
Juckrum,——a licence.

Ken,——a houſe.
A bob ken, or a brownman ken,———a good or well furniſhed houſe.
Kicks,——breeches.
Kill devil,——rum.
Kinchen,——a little child.
King's pictures,——money.

Laced mutton,——a woman.
Lag,——water, alſo laſt.
Lad a duds,———a buck of cloaths.
Lamb skin men——the judges of ſeveral courts.
Lanſpriſado,——he that comes into company with two pence in his pocket.
A dark lanthorn,——the ſervant or agent that receives the bribe at court.
Libben,——a private dwelling houſe.
Libbege,——a bed.
Lifter,——a crutch.
Lightmans,——the day, or day break.
Line of the old author———a dram of brandy.
Little Barbary———Wapping
Loap'd,———run away, he loap'd up the dancers, he whipt up the ſtairs.
Loge,——a watch.
Louſe trap,——a comb.
Low tide,——when there's no money in a man's pocket.

Mannikin,——a dwarf or diminutive fellow.
Maunders,——beggars.
Maundering broath——ſcolding.
Meggs,——guineas.
Meet,——to ſpend money.
Mill clapper,——a woman's tongue.
Miſt,——a contraction of commiſſion, ſignifying a ſhirt, ſmock, or ſheet.
Miſhtopper,——a coat or petticoat.
Moabites,——ſerjeants, bailiffs, and their crew.
Moon curſer,——a link boy.
Mower,——a cow.
Muck,——money, wealth.
Mutton monger,——a lover of women.
Mutton in long coats——women; a leg of mutton in a ſilk ſtocking——a woman's leg.

Nab,——a hat, cap, or head; alſo a coxcomb.
Ne'er a face but his own——not a penny in his pocket.
Nim gimmer,———a doctor, ſurgeon, or apothecary.
Nubbing cheat,——the gallows.
Nut crackers——a pillory.

Oak,——a rich man of good ſubſtance and credit.
Ogles,——eyes.
Rum ogles,——fine, bright, clear, piercing eyes.
One in ten,——a parſon.

Panum,——bread.
Panter———a heart.
Pantler,——a butler.
Peeper,——a looking glaſs.
Peter,——a portmanteau, or cloak bag.
Peg tantrums——as gone to peg tantrums dead.
Pen houſe nab,———a very broad brimmed hat.

Penance board,——a pillory.
Perriwincle,——a peruke or perriwig.
Philiſtines,——ſerjeants, bailiffs, and their crew.
Porker,——a ſword.
Property,——a mere tool or implement to ſerve a turn; a cat's foot.

Quail pipe,——a woman's tongue.
Queer buffer,——a ſneaking, ſharping, cut throat alehouſeman or innkeeper.
Queer cuffin,——a juſtice of peace: alſo a churl.

Rabbit ſuckers,——young ſpendthrifts, taking goods on tick of pawnbrokers or tallymen, at exceſſive rates.
Rattling cove——a coachman.
Red rag,——a tongue, your red rag will never lie ſtill, your tongue will never be quiet.
Regraters,——fore ſtallers in markets.
Ribben,——money.
Royſters,——rude, roaring.
Romboyled——ſought after with a warrant.
Rotan,——a coach or waggon; any thing that runs upon wheels; but principally a cart.
Ruffin,——the devil.
Ruffmans,——the woods or buſhes.
Rumbeck,——any juſtice of peace.
Rumbo,——a priſon or gaol.
Rumboozingwets——bunches of grapes.
Rumdropper,——a vintner.
Rum clank,——a large ſilver tankard.
Rum degen,——a ſilver hilted or inlaid ſword.

School butter,——a whipping.
Sconce,——to build a large ſconce, to run deep upon tick or truſt.
Seedy,——poor, moneyleſs, exhauſted.
Setters or ſetting dogs,—they that draw in bubbles, for old gameſters to rook; alſo a ſerjeants yeoman, or bailiff's follower or ſecond; alſo an exciſe officer.
Sharper's tools——falſe dice.
Shot,——clap'd or pox'd.
Shove the tumbler,——whipt at the cart's tail.
Skin flint,— a griping, ſharping, cloſe crown; alſo the ſame as flat.
Smear,——a painter, or plaiſterer.
Smeller,—— a noſe.
Smelling cheat,——a noſegay; alſo an orchard or garden.
Smite,——an arm.
Smug,——a blackſmith; alſo neat and ſpruce.
Snith,——to eye or ſee any body; the cul ſnitches, the man eyes or ſees you.
Smiter,——to wipe or ſlap.
Snout,——a hogſhead.
Sock,——a pocket.
Son of pattlement——a lawyer.
Soul driver,——a parſon.
South ſea mountain,——geneva.
Sows baby,——a pig.
Spaniſh money,——fair words and compliments.
Spanks,——money, gold or ſilver.

Specks wiper,——a coloured handkerchief.
Spiritual fleſh broker,——a parſon.
Splitfig,——a grocer.
Splitter of cauſes,——a lawyer
Squariſh,——fooliſh.
Stamps,——legs.
Stampers,——ſhoes, alſo carriers.
Stick flames,——a pair of gloves.
Stoter,——a great blow.
Strommel,——ſtraw, or hair.
Strum,——a perriwig
Rum Strum a long wig ſtubble it,——hold your tongue.
Suit and cloak,——good ſtore of brandy or any agreeable liquor.
Supouch,——an hoſteſs or lady.
Swag,——a ſhop
Rum Swag,——full of riches

Tears of the tankard——drops of good liquor that falls beſide.
Thrums——three pence.
Tip of the buttery.——a gooſe.
Tip,——to give or lend.
Togemans,——a gown or cloak.
Top diver,——a lover of women.
Topping cheat,——the gallows
Topping cove,—the hangman.
Tout,——to go out ſharp, to be upon one's guard,
Track,——to go.
Tres wins,——three pence.
Trib,——a priſon.
Trine,——to hang; alſo Tyburn.
Trooper,——a half crown.
Trundles,——peaſe.
Tumbler,——a cart.
Turkey merchant,——drivers of turkeys.
To twig,——to diſengage, to ſunder, to ſnap, to break off.
To twig the daries,—to knock off the irons.

Vampers,——ſtockings.
Velvet,——a tongue.
To tip the velvet,——to tongue a woman.
Vinegar,——a cloak.

Wattles,——ears.
Whids,——words.
Whimpſhire,——Yorkſhire.
Whobal,——a milkmaid.
Whisker,——a great lie.
White wool,——ſilver.
Whibble,——ſad drink.
Witcher,——ſilver bowl.
Womblety cropt,——the indiſpoſition of a drunkard, after a debauch in wine or other liquors.
Wooden ruff,——a pillory; he wore the wooden ruff; he ſtood in the pillory.
Wood pecker,——one that plays with words, a punſter.

Yam,—to eat heartily, to ſtuff luſtily.
Yarmouth capon,——a red herring.
Yarum,——milk, or food, made of milk.
Yelper,——a town cryer; alſo one ſubject to complain or make pitiful lamentations of triſling incidents.

Znees,——froſt, or frozen.
Zneeſy weather,—froſty weather.

Printed by R. Baſſam, 53, St. John's Street, Weſt Smithfield.